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OUR ADMINISTRATION OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE.

THE horrors of the crime recently committed in Bond Street—the disgrace, suffering, and misery that may hereafter grow out of it—even the buffoonery, vulgarity, and incapacity of Mr. Coroner Connery, will all be of benefit—more than that, a great blessing to this community, and not only to this community, but to the country generally, if they serve to direct the public mind to the enormous evils of our existing administration of criminal justice.

Great crimes will always be committed—great cities will always be fertile in great crimes. No police can anticipate them—no police can prevent them. In other places, and in other countries, however, the system pursued in regard to their detection and punishment is somewhat different from ours. It is secret, swift, and sure. Let us observe the operation here. One part of the great farce enacted with us upon the commission of any considerable crime is now being performed in Bond Street. It will assist us in considering the subsequent proceedings which will no doubt take place in this case, as they have done in many others—as they must continue to do until the system is cut up by the roots.

When the public mind is startled by the announcement of a great offense against the laws of God and man—when the community is all on fire with anxiety, alarm, interest, and apprehension—when the criminal is crouching to the earth to avoid observation or attention, what is the system devised to attain the object of inflicting that punishment demanded, not by anger or vengeance, not by fear, "the cruelest of counselors," but by the imperative necessity of preventing, so far as possible, the repetition of the atrocity?

In other countries they manage things very much in this way: Justice holds her bloodhounds in the leash—a secret, searching inquiry is instituted—the public and the offender are kept equally in the dark—no chance is given to the culprit to know from what quarter the blow is coming. Of a sudden the mask is removed, and the batteries open—the sleuth-dogs are let loose—the criminal is brought up before public interest is allowed to cool, or become absorbed in other and newer crimes—juries are not thought unfit because possessed of ordinary intelligence—the trial is speedy and the sentence swift, and the whole proceeding tends to fix in the public mind the great idea, from which criminal justice derives its only real utility—that of RETRIBUTION.

How is it with us, under our model government, in our model city? The instant that a great crime is committed every thing is done to give every possible species of publicity to the whole subject. The doors are opened, and a gaping, staring crowd admitted; a fine specimen of the eternal genus Dogberry—the original article, with all the latest modern improvements—is elected to preside over the investigation, and is made to usurp the functions of grand jury and prosecuting officer; reporters are invited to attend; the press, with its thousand eyes and myriad hands, is set at work; day after day its columns are filled with all the minutest details of the occurrence—every thing that is known, and every thing that is said is at once divulged.

The effect of this is obvious. The offender is instantly informed of the whole case against him; he is furnished with every facility to prepare his defense and secure his escape by fraud, fictitious testimony, and perjury; or to take safety in flight. Every advantage that in private proceedings is gained by secret deliberation and cautious combination is lost.

The coroner's inquest is, indeed, completely perverted from its original scope and design. It has no fitting organization, no capacity whatever for instituting or conducting an examination like that in the Burdell case. The coroner's inquest is intended merely to put the officers of justice on the alert by ascertaining the fact whether a person dying suddenly died by a natural death or by violence. It was never meant to supersede or to invade the functions of the grand jury or the prosecuting officer. The whole thing, as practiced with us, is a perfect abuse. So two or three years ago, when a child died in Brooklyn of scarlet fever, the physician was thought by the friends guilty of malpractice; he happened to be a homeopath, and the coroner's inquest was at once converted into a tribunal to determine the merits of the two great schools of Allopathy and Homeopathy. The whole thing is too absurd for comment. Mr. Coroner Connery is a strong case of vulgarity and incapacity; but there is probably not a coroner in the State who, by his education or mental training, is fitted to conduct an investigation so delicate and difficult as that going on in Bond Street. So much for the preliminary proceedings. It is obvious enough that they are, as far as possible, devised to give the criminal a fair start and a first-rate chance for escape. See the practical results. These undetected crimes occur among us constantly—Corlies's case, Lutener's case, Pierce's case, a score of others with the names of which we are all familiar. These are the natural fruits of our present mode of detecting crime. Now observe the next step, and look at the facts:

Suppose an offender caught, indicted, and arraigned before what once used to be called the majesty of the law. In our days the thing is too gross a burlesque to use the phrase except in mockery. The first step is to postpone the trial. This is a matter of course—delay is always the policy of the defense. Any one that observes criminal trials can not fail to notice with curiosity and compassion the extraordinary amount of ill health that always afflicts the eminent gentlemen of the bar who figure on these occasions as counsel for the accused. They are uniformly prevented by illness from attending to their causes when first called; if they are not ill themselves, their friends and family are sure to be suffering—the one answers just as well as the other. If this "dodge" does not succeed, then a witness is absent. It is another very curious thing, that the moment a crime is committed some indispensable witness for the defense immediately starts for Philadelphia, or New Orleans, or California. The concatenations of human affairs are, indeed, very curious. Of course, the cause must be postponed till he is heard from. At all events, by hook or by crook, upon some excuse or another, it so happens uniformly, invariably, that the trial is put off for a very considerable time after the party is brought up. Thus the public interest begins to flag; other horrors supervene—Huntington drives Baker out of the public mind; in his turn Huntington is swallowed up by Eckel, and so the wheel revolves. When, the other day, his Honor Mr. Justice Russell actually tried, convicted, and sentenced an atrocious ruffian within a week of the offense, we all began to look around us with wonder and amazement, as the followers of the son of Nun may be supposed to have contemplated the planet arrested in its mid-day course.

All excuses, however, finally wear out. Witnesses return, or must be adjudged to have returned. Counsel get well, or they have not a relative left to fall ill. Their last cousin's grand-uncle has exhausted his last gouty toe, and the hunted quarry must finally stand at bay. Poor devil! Don't waste your sympathy, the game is not yet played out. A new kind of trick is now resorted to. It is gravely and solemnly declared by big wigs and learned pundits, by men who look on men as mathematical quantities, and make civil laws without any reference to natural laws, that no man is fit to be a juror "who has formed an opinion in the case;" and as most people nowadays read the papers, as the tendency of the human mind is to form opinions on whatever evidence is presented, the result is that the operation of impanneling a jury, in a criminal case of any considerable notoriety, may be aptly termed a process for determining who are the twelve least informed and most discreditably stupid individuals in their respective communities; in fact, nothing but a jury of twelve idiots, or twelve lunatics, would truly come up to the judicial standard of incompetency established in the State of New York. Add to this, the right of the criminal to a certain number of peremptory challenges, by which all firm and honest men may be struck off, and who need wonder that Polly Bodine escapes, or that Baker goes unwhiped of justice. What reason is there to suppose that the murderer of Burdell, even if caught and put upon trial, will receive any punishment for the deed?

By some wonderful chance, by some special providence, it does sometimes happen that a great criminal is actually convicted. When that unhappy and distressing result is arrived at, even then the end is not yet. The pack is not yet played out. There remain the quirks and quibbles of the law—exceptions, appeals, appeals on appeals; and, lastly, the power of pardon, exercised without advice and without control. The Queen of England would not dare to exercise the attribute of pardon as is done here. There is no chief magistrate in Europe that could or would make such a jail-delivery as was made by the last Governor of New York, to the infinite disgrace of himself and of the State.

And so it happens that when, in some rare and exceptional case—in the case, perhaps, of some poor, unfriended wretch, in the case of some extraordinary criminal—justice is not absolutely baffled in her pursuit, and the last solemn sentence of the law is to be executed, months, years have rolled away, fresher enormities have driven out the earlier horror, the natural sympathies of mankind are enlisted in favor of the culprit, and people ask each other, some with curiosity, others with indignation, for what crime has this man to die? Who now knows any thing of the history of Polly Bodine? The crime of Baker has already faded from the public mind. How long will it be before we shall say to each other, "Eh, tell me, what was the name of that man who was killed in Bond Street?" And this is the practical result of our vaunted system of government.

Our criminal jurisprudence is a curious instance of the great oscillating principle of the human kind, by which it seems to swing forever from one extreme of opinion to another. In art, in politics, in law, it is all the same. We talk of the changes of fashion—what are they to the changes of opinion?

When we framed our institutions, the Draconian code of the English aristocracy was in full blast. Men were hung, like onions, in strings of a dozen or twenty—hung for stealing jack-knives—hung for killing a rabbit or for cutting a twig—hung without defense—tried and hung, like Bellingham for Percival's murder, in twenty-four hours. There is nothing like it in judicial history. What did our pendulum do? Swing, of course, to the opposite extreme. Taking for our motto the maxim, "Every man is supposed to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty," we have pushed it to lengths the most absurd and fantastical. When a culprit is arrested in other countries, he is examined—severely and closely examined. Here we begin by compelling the magistrate to inform the party arrested that he is not required to answer at all. "For God's sake, my dear friend! don't say any thing to inculpate yourself!" And so throughout; time is granted till it threatens to run into eternity. Publicity is given *ad nauseum*. Interminable delay is permitted. Appeals allowed without end. Pardon comes next to appeal. And thus month after month, and year after year, proceeds the ludicrous farce of criminal justice—in one, two, or three acts, as the case may be. We are just now having a little interlude in Bond Street.

Sit modus in rebus. We belong to that class—we believe it a large one—who think there is no absolute necessity of selecting the one or the other of two absurd extremes. It is not necessary to try, convict, and hang a man in twenty-four hours; nor is it necessary to allow three years to elapse between a nefarious crime and its fitting punishment. If our criminal procedure be revised with a due regard to the interests of the public, and of individuals who may be unjustly suspected or accused, it would not seem to be difficult, in an intelligent and humane community, to arrive at a result which should do justice to all; which should avoid cruelty on the one side, and imbecility on the other. Let us hope that something of the kind may be achieved. Let us hope that the Burdell case may tend to it; that this disgusting examination may have some other result than that of placing the illustrious Connery in his proper niche in the Temple of Fame.

MURDER WILL OUT.

YES, *Murder will out!* and it comes out on every possible occasion. It infects the whole country as with a pestilential air; it fills our houses with its gloomy horrors; it taints our breath with its poison; it dogs our daily walks, like an assassin; it is at our feasts, a more terrible apparition than the skeleton death itself, for there is fresh blood upon its ghastly aspect of violence and cruelty. You rise in the morning; the word of tenderness and love is hardly spoken to the little ones gathered about your knee, when, with eager excitement, you clutch the morning paper, and you read: "THE BOND STREET MURDER!" "THE BUTCHERY IN OUR CITY!" "INCREASED EXCITEMENT!" "HORRIBLE DETAILS!" "DREADFUL MYSTERY!" "EXCITEMENT UNABATED!" "MORE BLOODY GARMENTS!" which stare you in the eyes, and fix them in a spasm of concentrated attention upon the page.

The wife appeals fondly to you for a share of the horrors; even the little children gape, with open mouths, like so many hungry young pelicans, for the drops of blood. You read aloud the murderous record—the artful prologue of the newspaper reporter, which serves like a preliminary scalding to make raw the nerves for the coming torture—the drawn-out examination and cross-examination of witnesses, with their lingering details of circumstance and place, horrible and indecent enough in themselves, but made more horrible and indecent still by the ribald jeers of the coarse official of the inquest—the minute particulars of the doctor's handling the body, probing and measuring the gaping wounds, dabbling in the blood, and bringing to light stains and impurities which should ever remain mysteries of life to all beyond the precincts of science—all this is our daily reading, filling us with a horror which overflows from the parlor to the kitchen, from the home to the place of business, and infects the whole city—in fact, the whole country.

Yes, *Murder will out!* and how can it fail to come out, when we are so filled with it by the daily papers? If we thought that the publicity given to crimes—increased as it is by the present practice of inflated description, startling headings, and other means of exciting the attention, and appealing to the love of the horrible—would secure the punishment of criminals, we might not have, perhaps, a word to say against it. The practice, however, by exciting sympathy here, and prejudice there, in advance of trial, is well known to defeat the purposes of justice. Besides this, there is another and most serious objection; this spreading abroad of the information of crime, if it does not give rise to a criminal epidemic, which may break out in similar acts of violence, at any rate it so far infects the moral sentiment of the community by its contagion as to ferment a taste for the horrible, and to harden the sensibility of the public conscience to vice.

Before this, there has been a fashion for cruelty—when fine ladies and gentlemen, all in ruffles and satin skirts, have driven in their coaches, from matins and their morning chocolate, to the place of execution. Here they have dabbled their perfumed hands in the blood of the victims, and turned their jokes upon his dying agonies. The lords and ladies of Louis the Fifteenth's court went, says a French annalist, to the quartering of Damiens, the regicide, and as they looked upon the cruel tortures of the criminal, whose limbs were being dragged asunder by horses, they put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, to wipe away the tears shed in pity for the—horses, and the horses only.

George Selwyn, the beau and wit, cultivated a taste for cruelty by the most diligent reading of every recorded horror, and a regular attendance upon every acted one. He was present at all the executions of his day, and never failed to be in at the death of his most beloved friends. There is a story told about him which illustrates well his "death's-head-and-bloody-bones" tendencies. He called at the house of a dying nobleman, but was refused admission by the servant, who reported the fact to his master. "The next time," said his lordship, "Mr. Selwyn calls, be sure you let him in; for if I am alive

I shall be glad to see *him*, and if I'm dead he'll be glad to see *me*."

Is there no danger that we too, if we continue to sup upon the horrors so abundantly served up to us by our daily papers, may grow fond of the diet? Convict your criminals, but do not make criminals of us all in the process.

REJECTION OF THE DALLAS TREATY.

WE learn that the treaty concluded between Mr. Dallas and Lord Clarendon on the subject of Central America has been virtually rejected by the Senate, having been referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations to be amended. The vote, we hear, was a large one.

Assuming that the version of the treaty which appeared some time since in our daily papers was authentic, there can be no doubt the action of the Senate was judicious. Prompted by the best of motives, the statesmen who concluded it displayed a singular disregard of international comity. If they did not stipulate for third parties, they conspired together to dictate a course of action to independent States; bargaining with each other that Costa Rica and Nicaragua should do this and that. And the representative of the United States evinced a still more remarkable disregard of the settled policy of the republic in entering into covenants with a European power to fetter the action of the United States on this continent.

It is apprehended that the rejection of this treaty may embarrass our relations with England. But we do not think we need be under much alarm on this account. In the first place, there is a general agreement between us on the great question of principle involved; and therefore a new treaty, less open to objection, may be framed without delay; and secondly, in the present unsettled condition of Central America, it is of little consequence what treaties we may make on the subject of that region, and there is consequently small room to quarrel about it.

England agrees to renounce her Mosquito Protectorate, and to relinquish all territorial acquisitions made subsequent to 1850. That is the basis on which she proposes to negotiate. She asks us, in return, to covenant that we shall not seize, occupy, or annex any portion of Central America.

It is very unlikely that we shall want to annex Nicaragua—at least within the lifetime of the present generation. So long as Mexico intervenes, a State carved out of Central America would be an undesirable acquisition in many points of view. But it is a perilous thing to give pledges for the future. No prudent man would be willing to curtail his freedom of action simply because his neighbor asked him to do so. Nor should any nation voluntarily impose restrictions on itself, when no necessity exists for self-denial, and nothing is to be gained by it. Emergencies might arise which would devolve upon the United States the duty of securing not only for themselves, but for the world, a safe and speedy transit across the isthmus; so long as California and Oregon are ours, it would be imprudent to incapacitate ourselves from fulfilling this duty.

Should the United States propose to make a treaty with England, regulating the future relations between the Honorable East India Company and the King of Birmah, or the sovereign of Cabul, the proposition would unquestionably be scouted. It would be some consolation to British statesmen, if we received their Central American proposals with similar disapproval, to remember that every acre that is added to the territory covered by the Stars and Stripes adds something to the wealth of the people who live under the Union Jack.

SHALL OUR CONSUMPTIVES STAY OR GO?

Now is the time, if ever, to send the consumptive from this latitude to some more genial quarter of the world. There are, however, two prevalent errors in regard to that fatal disease—consumption. It is neither produced, as is generally supposed, by cold, nor cured or even benefited by warmth. Medical statistics prove that the disease, where prevalent, originates as often in summer as in winter, and the best authorities declare that it is more common in hot than in cold climates. There is more consumption in the tropical Indies, both east and west, than in the almost Arctic Canadas. The number of the British troops attacked with this disease in Jamaica is annually twelve in one thousand, while in Canada it is only about six. The English Government have accordingly, with a wise determination, resolved upon sending their consumptive soldiers to the cold, in preference to the warm climate. So, too, in regard to our Atlantic coast, if we are to trust the statistics of our army medical officers, consumption is more fatal from Delaware Bay to Savannah than at the more northern Atlantic posts.

It is an error, therefore, and a fatal one, to remove the consumptive, with a view of curing or mitigating his disease, from New York, for example, to Cuba. Fatal it is, because the tropical climate of the latter has a positive weakening effect upon the patient, and will hasten the mortal termination of his disease.

A voyage, however, and a change of climate, may prove beneficial; but, if resolved upon, the proper season should be selected. In the summer, the torrid heat (we are speaking of the latitude of New York) of our climate, with its prostrating effects, may be avoided by a voyage to the more temperate regions of Europe, or a journey to the mountainous districts of our own country. In the autumn, and early part of winter, the consumptive can not be in a healthier place than in New York. It is only when the clear, bracing days of our magnificent Fall have passed away, and the icy bonds of November, December, and January have begun, in this month of February, to yield, preparatory to their complete dissolution by the thaws of the vernal equinox, that the consumptive should think of taking his departure.

If the poor invalid is so far prostrated by his disease that he is helpless, and daily wants the nursing care of home, the tender hand to raise the head or smooth the unquiet pillow, he should not be removed with the hope of his disease being cured by any change of climate; for such hope is hopeless, and the bustle and excitement of movement but aggravate the disease, while distance from friends and relations adds to the pain of malady the wounds of affection.

If, however, the sick person is yet so strong as to be safely confided to his own self-reliance, and is able still to take his place stoutly in the daily routine and walks of life, it would be well for him to avoid the unsettled season which now prevails in this latitude. He wants exercise, he longs for the cheering rays of the sun, and requires its light for health's sake; he gasps for the pure outward air; his mind needs the enlivening sympathy of Nature in the freshness of her ever-recurring vernal youth. These he can have, if at all, only at rare intervals during the lingering death of the winter and the tardy capricious approaches of the spring of this latitude. The gloomy, stormy season here, depriving him of all that is essential for the improvement of his health, he must seek it elsewhere. Let him travel, and so contrive his plans as to prolong the sea voyage, for that is found to be, above all means, the best tonic in such cases.

As for the proper place of resort, the general rule should be to avoid the tropics, and seek for some equable climate in the temperate regions. Don't go to Cuba or Jamaica, or, if you do, plant yourself as soon as possible upon the highest peak of the mountainous parts of those tropical islands. Florida is much better and nearer home. The interior of California is good, but only to be reached by a fatiguing route. In Europe, the Isle of Wight, the South of England and of France, are more wholesome for the consumptive than some more southern parts.

Wherever the sick person is sent, it should not be forgotten that the great point to be secured is not a hot climate, but one which at this season will supply what New York and our Middle and Northern States do not—the cheerful scene, the sunlight, and such temperate weather as to admit of moving freely out of doors, and breathing the pure air of heaven.

A RECENT MURDER.

UPON the last morning of the first month of the New Year, a family rises to their daily toil or pleasure within an old-fashioned mansion in Bond Street—once the west end of New York, but now mainly surrendered to milliners, dentists, doctors, and lodging-houses. Firstly, the cook enters her kitchen for her homely duties; next a male lodger quits the house to fulfill an important business engagement; another lodger is drowsing in an upper chamber; and there remain to the enjoyment of breakfast a mother, her two daughters, two sons, and a boyish guest. Thus engaged, the early hours of the day placidly pass, as the cook sings at her scullionery, and the out-of-door lodger busies himself over merchandise, and the in-door lodger has his ambitious dreams, and the family chat at their breakfast, or make merry in an upper room.

Yet—

—Amidst this surrounding of family life, in the heart of the city, encompassed with eager eyes and trained ears, and regiments of police and officials, there lies in the second-story room a stark, stiff, staring corpse, weltering in the gore of fifteen stabs, and neither eyes, nor ears, nor police, nor family inmates, nor neighbors have seen it, nor know of its hideous presence. That ghastly corpse, clad in mocking apparel, has been stretched at length upon the floor, while city clocks have struck out hour after hour, and while city guardians at the police houses have repeated that "all is well." There it has lain close by the door, which was unlocked, and the key outside—so near to assistance, and yet so far from it; lain with the gas-lights slowly flickering above it, and fashioning dancing shadows on the wall; lain with blood upon the writing-desk before the mirror, and upon the daily newspaper on the table, and adown the back of a chair, and soaking into the carpet, and oozing through the floor, and spirted in jets upon the wall, and bedaubed upon the doors and furniture that were mute spectators of the life-and-death struggle; and blood in drops, and pools, and stains, every where about save within the veins and arteries of the murdered man.

Why, half a dozen inmates had passed and repassed unconscious of the bloody reality before the scullion boy, at the morning hour of nine o'clock, opened the door to behold the sight and give the alarm. How rapidly it spread throughout the world of plotting life, so prompt to recognize the presence of death in its appalling form! Immediately the hitherto quiet house became a thronging place for a thousand curious men; and strangers, and squads of policemen, and a coroner's jury rudely disturbed the solemn quietude, and, standing in the sight of death, or roaming through the apartments, warmly speculated and canvassed circumstances, signs, and motives for the deed, and so the gossiping and comparison of minds regarding it have gone on most busily for a fortnight past.

But the murderer!

Where was he? *who* was he? *he* whom the soul of the victim, when the secrets of both their hearts are opened, will accuse of this mysterious crime? "Crowner 'quest law," nor universal public opinion, nor sworn officials, learned in the law and skilled at human nature, have yet answered these interrogations so momentous to a civilized community. Nevertheless, *somewhere* are the ashes of the clothes that the murderer wore and burned; *somewhere* is concealed the bloody dagger that defiled the body of him who received and the soul of him who gave the destroying wounds; *somewhere* still burn the terrible fires of revenge and hate that must have accumulated stab on stab; and *somewhere* the mystery and motive is solved by the overruling Providence who as yet in his wise purpose has not disclosed the mortal clew.

The victim was reputed a single man; called a skillful dentist; had amassed wealth; was a boasted Lothario; was obstinate and strong-willed; was fond of litigation; and lived in rather an isolated way. Consequently a score of enemies must have encompassed his footsteps. Is not the wonder greatest, that while the world of intrigue is full of like-minded men, there are not more secret murders? No man in the metropolis was more likely to be thus killed. There could not have been selected in the thoroughfares a house wherein such a scene could so well occur to baffle detection as the scene of the butchery. Each heart within this Bond Street house was bound up in its own schemes. No family bond existed within it. Merry-making was there, but hatred presided over the feast. There was some terrible secret known to one or another of the household and affixed to the murdered man, as will testify the papers found in his handwriting "binding himself never to do any thing to the disadvantage" of his hostess; or as the unexplained and denied marriage whispers; or as the suspicious dispute concerning a will and various deeds and promissory notes point toward; or as the continued trepidation for his life the victim was under indicates; or as the constant surveillance he was surrounded with from his reputed mistress would declare! And yet this secret, so important for the law to know, has been carried into another world unrevealed.

In large cities a carefully planned murder is extremely difficult to discover, if it possess the elements of assassination. But in the country village or town there are idle eyes and ears always intent; within these neither strangers nor residents can come or go, clothes be burned, daggers bought and thrown away, intrigues multiply, and enemies thicken, without scrutiny and discovery. But the metropolis absorbs the guilty deed as the ocean unites with itself the single rain-drops!

So, thus living and thus possessed by a secret of import and surrounded by foes, the victim returns from his evening meal at the Metropolitan Hotel to his lodgings *for the last time*. He is observed standing, at the mid-evening by an adjacent corner apparently expecting some one. Soon after he is seen to enter his house. Shortly a stifled cry of murder is heard—a sound which, in the confusing city, is only momentarily regarded, and then ceasing, forgotten until subsequent events reveal its importance—a sound which, in a rural vicinage, would have aroused the "hue and cry."

He was not attacked in the hall-way, nor immediately on entering, for he lights his gas burner and takes off shawl, cap, and scandals—the latter were not besmeared with blood—and were carelessly deposited. Yet the violence must have been soon afterward, before he had time to think of taking the key inside. There was a closet in the room; was any one concealed in it to rush at him? That there was a preliminary smothering and strangling (most likely by the flannel bag and the tightly-pulled noose at its mouth) the cervical mark and air vessels on post-mortem declared. Then came the stabs in vital parts, and that terrible struggle which is indicated by the bloody deluge and by the wounds upon the defending arm. Who could describe the terrible and tumultuous thoughts of murderer and victim during the panting struggle: the one boiling with revenge, the other gasping for breath while unknown horrors rioted in the brain, and Past, Present, and Future, were confounded in one soul-sickening reality!

Could he have sat down to write? The desk was bloody in drops and the chair beside it stained. There was a mirror there wherein to reflect persons behind him, and he would have turned on them! Or did the murderer sit there in dripping garments for a moment and abstract from the portfolio valuable papers, or overlook at the desk others stolen from the safe? Were there one or more engaged in the deed? Did he fight at the door and fall, or did he crawl thither, or was he placed in the formal attitude with face down and limbs composed which the scullion boy first observed? Whose finger-marks are on the door—of the retreating foe or the dying man? Who leaned that bloody mark upon the wall—the stealthy enemy or the gasping victim?

Did the two lines of blood outside the door in the hall-way drip from the sleeve of the murderer closing it behind him, and shutting out the sight but never the remembrance? Did he, in groping his way out, mark the hall hither and thither toward the front door? Could the lodger, so early up, enact the tragedy and yet so calmly estimate his business on the fatal morning, and preserve from first to last the equanimity of innocence? Could the struggle have been had while the lodger above was in his room and he not hear it? Could the woman whom he called his enemy, and who avers she was his wife, have had the nerve to do the deed? Could it without her connivance be accomplished by a stranger? Was her dower in his estate, if the marriage was established, a sufficient motive? Could she be guilty, and yet sob beside the corpse, and kiss the blue lips and sunken eyes so frantically, and act so completely the part of the bereaved widow? Is it true that she was never throughout the evening and night out of sight of the daughters? Did *he* make a will, and where is it? Is it not equivocal that the night for the murder should be selected of the day when he expressed most fear from his reputed mistress, and *preceding* the day when his sign manual was to transfer a lease from her to a stranger? All these are the vital questions connected with the main inquiry, "Who, and where is the murderer?" and questions that as yet no sharp detective, no cunning attorney, no experienced advocate, no bungling coroner, no gossip, no adept in crime, no witness sifted as to life and association, no member of the family, can answer beyond the threshold of a moral suspicion!

In the Bible of the murdered man was penciled a scriptural paraphrase, "The first death is the result of Adam's sin, *but the second death proceeds from personal transgression*." Unconsciously to himself he had thus written in the years gone by the moral to his own murder. Had his personal transgressions against virtue and the law of reputable society been less, the dagger of the "bloody and deceitful man" would never have ended his days. And although it ill becomes any one to speak harshly of the dead, if the decease in a notorious way of a man widely known can point a moral, it is the stern duty of preacher and writer to boldly deduce it.

HOW THEY ORDER TRIALS IN FRANCE.

No small portion of our space is devoted this week to extracts from the report of the trial of the priest Verger, who killed the Archbishop of Paris. They illustrate, in a remarkable manner, the administration of criminal law among the French. No American lawyer will read the report without acquiring philosophy wherewithal to endure our own juridical shortcomings.

In no Anglo-Saxon country would so mad a man as Verger be executed, as he probably will be in France. Nor is there any court, either in this country or in Great Britain, where a culprit would not be more fairly treated than he has been. French judges always remind one of actors in a melodrama: M. President Delangle is not only melodramatic—he is treacherous, and grossly partial. M. le Procureur-General Vaisse had a very simple duty to perform; the case was clear, the crime confessed: yet, were he an American, we should say he thought of nothing but the figure he would cut in the papers. We must admit, however, that his exclamation—*Le magistrat n'est pas maître de ses émotions*—which he substituted for a speech, summing up to the jury—is without parallel in the records of American forensic eloquence. M. Nogent Saint Laurens, who was appointed prisoner's counsel by the Court, is understood to be a very eminent member of the Paris bar; and he may be a man of great talent; but it is very certain that no American lawyer who succumbed as he did in this case, would long retain a reputation for eminence.

INDELICACY.

THE newspapers have published, surreptitiously, extracts from a correspondence between two eminent American soldiers and statesmen. The correspondence was before the Senate. Such is the tenor of the letters that they will afford to the unthinking ample food for gibes against two of the most gallant men this country has ever produced, and the old age of at least one hero will be embittered by the sneers and jests of every *gobe-mouche*. The publication shows that the race of Ham is not extinct among our politicians, and that there are men, even in high stations, who would not scruple to make a joke of their father's nakedness, instead of reverently hiding his and a nation's shame.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Appearances indicate that the House will concur with the Senate in voting the appropriation asked for the submarine telegraph. The only danger which the company will then have to apprehend will be a veto from President Pierce; which friends of the association do not seem to fear. Without entering into the constitutional or technical argument which has been raised on the point, two propositions may be safely stated. This country can afford to give the sum asked or twice as much to have an ocean telegraph; and the fact that both termini are on British soil does not militate against the desirableness of the line. On the other hand, it is quite certain that the company which is now an applicant for Congressional favor will not forever retain a monopoly of the ocean bed. We hear already of new telegraph companies; and in all probability the next ten years will see ten wires laid across the Atlantic. Were a subvention likely to prove a hindrance to the establishment of competing lines, it might be reasonably opposed; as it is, a few thousand dollars more or less matter very little in comparison with the magnitude of the benefit we shall derive from so magnificent an undertaking.

INTERCOURSE WITH BRAZIL.

We are very glad to see that the Congressional Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads have agreed to report in favor of granting $180,000 annual aid to parties who propose to start a line of mail steamers to ply between New York and Para, Brazil.

The commerce and navigation tables show that one-sixth of our entire trade is with the countries which this line would draw nearer New York. Yet our means of communication with South America are so inadequate that we usually obtain our latest news from thence by way of England. Surely this is unworthy of American enterprise.

Para itself, the destined outlet of the Amazon, and a miserable town, which has never recovered the shock it received from a revolutionary outbreak a few years ago, is evidently destined to be one of the queen cities of the world. So soon as the Brazilians shall discover that they are cutting off their own noses by closing the Amazon, their day of empire and Para's greatness will begin. They have just shown symptoms of returning consciousness by establishing a line of steamers from Para to Nanta, at the head of the Amazon: let us lay on our line, and the excitement will awake them altogether.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

I know that this is an age of comedy. We have comic histories of England, comic law-books, comic grammars. Philosophy makes a stalking-horse of Momus, and none the less effectively because every arrow it launches is winged with feathers that tickle while it flies. Comedy has always been found useful in conveying lessons to mankind. Byron says that "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." Nor has the comic element been found out of place even in the gloomiest tragedies. Romeo and Juliet has its comic apothecary; and the Bond Street inquest its comic coroner. Still, in all the artistic works that I am acquainted with in which tragedy and comedy are blent, the latter is always kept subordinate. It is used carefully, as the lights are put on in a picture, to give depth to the more sombre features. Our coroner is evidently unacquainted with this principle. He is so exquisitely humorous, so brimming over with wit, that he can not avoid making himself the prominent feature in this dark drama. He will not wait for his cue, but is continually rushing on the stage, jangling his bells, and wagging his cap, and turning intellectual flip-flaps, for the edification of an audience some of whom would laugh at the turning of a straw. Now I, for my own part, have not the slightest objection to the establishment of such an institution as a comic coroner. In former times each of the European courts had an established fool, and I do not see why our law-courts here may not retain the services of some gentleman who had a vocation for the motley. A professional jester would beguile the tediousness of many intricate and uninteresting cases; and even in processes of a graver nature, it would be a great comfort for a prisoner on trial for his life to be occasionally enlivened by a flap of the court-fool's bladder. He might even be joked into hearing a sentence of death with a smile, and might hang merrily amidst a fusillade of puns.

We can not, therefore, exactly see why the daily press should animadvert so strongly on the comic coroner for his pleasant vein of wit. To be sure, he may obstruct the course of justice—but what of that? What matters the peace and safety of the city, so long as the coroner has his joke? It is true that our comic coroner rends to pieces the decent dignity in which the law loves to clothe itself. But do we live in an age of decorum? Have we not long since sounded the death-knell of all formalities and proprieties? Some people may hint that the coroner is an ass, who has no business on the bench on which the discriminating electors of his ward have seated him. Supposing he is. Asses have been respectable ever since the day that Balaam's animal made his celebrated joke, and our comic coroner has no reason to blush for his descent.

We wish, however, that he would have a little more regard for the proprieties of dramatic effect. If he would only tone down his acting somewhat, and bring the laughs in the right place, he would really be a delightful feature in the Bond Street tragedy. He might even get a good engagement at Mr. Burton's theatre, in the new piece which Mr. Brown will of course write, entitled "The Fatal Forceps; or, the Dentist's Dupe."

Jocular people are sometimes the last in the world to understand a joke when it is against themselves; and lest our comic coroner should misunderstand the above, I may as well let him know that I think his conduct, as far as it has gone, has been such that, if he were hanged without further delay, the public sentiment would be almost as well satisfied as by the sacrifice of the real assassin of the unfortunate man Burdell.

WHO ARE THE THUGS?

Dimes, the other morning, rushed into my little room in the Hotel de Liason—it is so small and cheap that Dimes is the only person I ever allow to visit me there—in a state of extraordinary agitation.

"Would you believe it, my dear fellow!" he cried, purple with excitement, "I've—I've—been—"

"Married?" I suggested.

"No. Garroted!"

"You don't mean to say so?"

"A fact, I assure you. I was proceeding down Twenty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, when something suddenly encircled my throat, which felt exceedingly unpleasant. I endeavored to entreat of the annoyance to remove itself, but found that, owing to compression of the windpipe, I could not articulate. Somebody then introduced me to some beautiful fire-works. I saw the entire heavens illuminated with the most splendid fiery stars, which vision lasted, however, far too brief a time to afford me any absolute pleasure. When I recovered from the trance into which this glorious sight threw me, I found myself lying on the sidewalk, without my sable collar; and on examination I discovered also that my watch and shawl-pin were missing. A policeman who happened to be passing at this moment—they always are passing when you don't want them—told me I had been garroted, and offered to see me home, which resulted in the transfer of a dollar to policeman. I'm going to Mrs. Ormolu's ball to-night, and, by Jove, there's one comfort about it, that it gives a fellow something to talk about."

I saw Dimes at Mrs. Ormolu's that night, and certainly he made the most of the garrote story. He illustrated the operation so naturally with Miss Halibut's pocket handkerchief, that he frightened that young lady into such a nervous condition that she was obliged to have a Redowa waltz administered to her without delay, before her equanimity was restored.

It is a mistake to fancy that the garroter is always the beetle-browed scoundrel that Bellew and other caricaturists represent him. Garroting bids fair to take the place of "making paper" as a fashionable amusement. We may expect any moment, when returning home at night, to be burglariously embraced by our friend Brown, whom we always thought to be a fellow above suspicion.

There are now in the Tombs, awaiting the raising of the sum of money necessary to the bribing of the witnesses for hushing the matter up, several persons of more than ordinary respectability, accused of having garroted certain benighted wanderers. One of these criminals has a sad history. He was a young man of brilliant promise. Entered on life with a tolerable fortune, a fine person, and considerable intellectual endowments; but a brief acquaintance with a certain club, and a few visits to the Union Course and the faro table soon reduced him to that pitiable position in which a man finds himself, who, having been once rich, conceives himself entitled to live for the rest of his life on his friends, on the strength of past favors. Step by step he sank from being a sponge to being a gambler's touter; and night after night he might be seen in Quatremain's rooms guiltily supping at the splendid board, and watching hungrily for the entrance of some friend of past times who might lend him five dollars to bet with. Suddenly one day he got a slice of luck. A relative died, and he came in for a few thousand dollars; enough, at least, to start him in some business. But gambling, like opium, is not easily discontinued. A few nights at Quatremain's—nights of hope, and fear, and ruin—reduced him once more to beggary; and it was in the desperation of this latter moment that the wretched man sallied out upon the streets, and was arrested in the act of garroting a broker who had been gambling that night at Quatremain's, and had won a considerable sum. I suppose he will escape Sing Sing. His family are influential.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Flowers are inseparably connected with romance. In fact, I do not see how Cupid could ever manage to get along without his private hot-house and beds of pansies. In the East he does every thing with flowers. His bow and arrows are hung up, and he launches violets and geraniums at his victims in the place of darts. Even in our colder and more uncongenial climate he plays his floral games. Less romantically, to be sure, than by the shores of Bosphorus, because instead of finding the implements of his art growing in every field, and by every streamlet, and gathering them all dewy with the breath of morning, he has to go down Broadway to a basement story and bargain for five dollars' worth of sentiment. He makes a mess of the business sometimes though, as the following little incident that occurred lately will testify.

A young lady of this city, just pretty enough and rich enough to be what I would call a second-class belle—that is, one who would be the chief attraction at a party where *the* belle of the season was not—was engaged to be married in April next to a young gentleman whom we shall name Alfred. The engagement was not publicly announced, and Mademoiselle Helen still continued to receive the homage of her host of adorers. One of the number of this crowd of miscellaneous swains was afflicted with the flower mania, and Miss Helen almost every other day was receiving bouquets arranged with all the geometric art of which modern flower merchants are capable. Caring very little for the floral devotion of poor Richard, Helen devoted herself to Alfred, who on his part was to all appearance a most faithful *fiancé*, and even carried her indifference to Richard so far as to give Alfred the bouquets the former so often sent her to decorate his rooms. Alas, that the old figure of the serpent nestling in the hearts of flowers should always come true! Helen had a female friend, prettier and richer than herself. The only secret which Helen did not share with this fond Camilla, was the fact of her engagement to Alfred. In fact, Alfred made it a condition that Helen was not to let her friend into the secret; so, whenever Camilla was at the house, Alfred was singularly discreet and distant to his beloved. One day last week Camilla rushed into Helen's boudoir with a countenance pregnant with mystery. Women have a knack of looking secrets that is perfectly wonderful.

"What is it?" said Helen, before her friend had uttered a syllable. "Tell me every thing."

"Oh! my dear friend," cried Camilla, "you never could guess. I've had a proposal."

"That's not wonderful. Is it from Henry?"

"No. Guess again."

"From Alphonse?"

"No. You never would find out. I'll tell you. Only think of Alfred!"

"Alfred! my Alfred!" screamed Helen, indignantly, "it's false!"

"Your Alfred! Nonsense," returned Camilla. "If he was your Alfred, I should like to know whether he would have for the last three months left a bouquet nearly every second day at my house!"

Helen's heart sank. She remembered her sacrilegious offerings of poor Richard's presents.

"Besides," continued Camilla, triumphantly, "the last bouquet he sent me contained this," and she produced a three-cornered note. Why will enamored swains always knock Love into a cocked hat? Helen snatched the note quickly, read it, and flung it back contemptuously to her friend.

"It's not Alfred's writing," she said; "it's Richard's."

"How did it come then into the bouquet that Alfred gave me?"

Helen blushed. She was too proud to acknowledge that she had given that very bouquet to Alfred, little thinking that it contained a declaration of passion from Richard for herself, and that Alfred, meanly gallant, had used the flowers second-hand to carry on his flirtation with Camilla.

"Ask Alfred," she replied, haughtily. "And now farewell, Madam, forever."

The dear friends parted, hating each other only as female friends can hate. The drama is not yet ended. But of course Helen ought to marry Richard out of spite, and the economical Alfred pilloried for the benefit of all future lovers.

Moral: Between two flirtations one falls to the ground.

Moral second and last: Never give young ladies second-hand bouquets. There may be a worm in the buds.

THE SECRET COURT.

Folly will live forever. Erasmus wrote a book in praise of it, so that it is not for me to abuse it. Indeed, folly, when it is not commonplace, is to me rather interesting than otherwise. The jingle of the bells and the quaint cock of the cap relieve the monotony of practical life.

As Americans go ahead in every thing, they are not satisfied unless they are foremost in absurdity. A set of amusing wealthy people residing in magnificent houses up town have long been pining on the level desert of republicanism. They sigh for the irregularities of monarchical society, and think it very hard that with overgrown incomes they must be content to remain plain Mr. Jones or Mrs. Smith.

Two months ago, one of this set of forlorn commoners conceived a happy idea. It was nothing less than the organization of an inner circle of society, whose secrets should be well guarded from betrayal, and the constitution of a limited aristocracy. The members of this court have elected a grand duke and duchess out of their body, and regular levees are held at the ducal residence, when the self-constituted peers and peeresses are presented formally, and revel for a short time in all the splendor of aristocratic titles. I have not the pleasure of being particularly informed as to the different titles assumed, although I have pumped Dimes, who I suspect of being an aristocrat in his heart; but I suppose there is a Duke of Pearl Street, an Earl of Hoboken, and a Countess of Yonkers. Let us trust that this shining nobility will make their honors hereditary, and that old Smith's son will some day after his father's death burst upon Fifth Avenue as the Marquis of Brooklyn, with an acre of arms on his carriage panels.

CHAT.

WAS ADAM FATHER OF US ALL?

Poor Hugh Miller, who was a good Christian as well as a good geologist, was ever calling on the theologians to cease poring over their musty volumes of theology, and stirring them up to take a turn at the study of those records of divinity that were not written by men's hands. He knew that the most subtle attacks upon our cherished faith were coming from those reckless theorists, the tyro-students of the undeveloped natural sciences. We are glad that our clergy are coming to the rescue, and therefore listened with satisfaction to the lectures of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, an eminent divine of our city, the purpose of which was to prove that the native races of this continent were not as some men of science hold, *autochthonous*; that is, original to this part of the globe, but had come from Asia. There are some great names to be ranked on the same side of the question with Dr. Hawks, as for example, Humboldt, Prichard, Latham, and others, as there are some of scientific repute on the other.

The argument of Dr. Hawks is sustained by evidence of communication between the opposite continents, and analogies of physical, moral, and mental feature, government, habits, and customs, between the inhabitants. It was curious enough to find that Kossuth after all was more entitled to the sympathy of the natives here than many of the Know-Nothings were disposed to allow. Dr. Hawks traced an analogy between the Magyar language and that of Northern Asia, from whence our aborigines were derived, and thus a relationship between the Hungarian leader, through the Asiatics, to the original Americans. Thus, too, the eloquence of the Magyar chief seemed to be in character with his kindred blood to those most famous of natural orators, the Tecumsehs and Black Hawks of our country.

The argument was well put, and for the most part satisfactory, although the subject hardly seemed to require that undue straining of proof into which Dr. Hawks's ingenuity occasionally led him. The fact, for example, that the Asiatics, as well as our aborigines, were in the habit of marching in single or Indian file, that each might step into the footmark of his predecessor and thus conceal their numbers, appears to us so obviously a natural act, that might originate at any time and among any people without the aid of traditional custom, as to be of no help to the argument. We therefore hardly think that it adds to the other striking evidences of analogy. That people should march in each other's steps is in no respect extraordinary; the smallest boys in play constantly do it, spontaneously, for the same motive—that of concealment. It amounts to little more in fact, than that a Chinaman scratches the root of his queue, and a negro his wool, when their heads itch. This is no proof, however, of similarity of origin.

The lectures were interesting, and exceedingly important, as bearing upon the great question of the unity of the origin of all races of mankind. We were glad there was earnestness and calmness enough in all the excitement of fashion, garroting, and murder, among our community to bring a crowd of people to listen patiently to the teachings of science and learning.

THE NEW CENT AGAIN.

By some error of the printer, or oversight of our own, the value of the new cent was wrongly stated in the last chat we had with the public. Instead of saying, as may have been obvious to the most casual reader, that the old cent was at one time worth fifty per cent. of its nominal value, we said it was worth 1-30th part of the dollar, and so in reference to the present value of the old and that of the new piece, there was the same erroneous expression, which is to be corrected by substituting *per cent.* of nominal value for part of the dollar. It may be as well to add here the additional fact in regard to the composition of the new coin, that the proportions of the two metals of which it is composed are 88 per cent. of copper and 12 per cent. of nickel. Those who profess to know more of the matter than their eyes would discover, declare that the wreath on the cent was intended to represent cotton and wheat and not Indian corn, and the vine. Our readers can judge for themselves when they are so fortunate as to get one of the new pennies.

SHALL OR WILL.

We all know the old story of a Frenchman, who, having fallen over London Bridge into the water, cried out, "I *will* drown, and no one *shall* save me." Jack cried out, as is well known, "Then drown, and be d—d." A good and simple rule in regard to these verbal impertinents is to use the *shall* always in the first persons singular and plural, and the *wills* in all other cases.

THE AGE OF DISCOVERY.

A SURVEY of mankind "from Indus to the Pole" is achieved with far greater comfort to the observer from a grotto at Twickenham than through actual personal inspection of the various races. But this matter-of-fact age exacts the latter more difficult method. For the loose reports which contented our imaginative ancestors, we are obliged to substitute the minutest examinations, the nicest inquiry, the most absolute demonstration. The realms of Prester John and El Dorado are unnamed on the school atlases. A score of navigators attest the existence of a vast continent lying about the Antarctic pole; but as if they too were lying about that pole, our elementary geographies still insist there are but five continents in both hemispheres, doubtless because the witnesses fail to furnish painful astronomical observations determining the outline of the coast. What we want is fact. Your smug chairman of a Geographical Society, in his sumptuous easy-chair, with glowing grate and hissing tea-urn before him, will accept from the Arctic navigator nothing less than conclusive surveys and indisputable results, though boundless archipelagoes of ice must be plowed through to get them; and, fanned by the breath of spring, scorns the report of the adventurer beneath the burning line, who is not lavish of microscopic investigations, topographical, ethnological, geodesical. It is not for us to say it should be otherwise. Shall we grow careless and credulous? Shall we establish as authorities in geography, Mandeville, Sinbad, Waterton, Wilkins, Munchausen, Cummings, believing faithfully in the tales of words falling frost-bitten and solid from the lips; roc's eggs the size of a balloon; crocodiles ridden like mules; flying islanders; lions, elephants, hippopotami, and such small deer, slain by the score, as we slaughter barn-door poultry for Thanksgiving? Unhesitatingly, No. Give us accuracy, Mr. Traveler, or in the name of all the exact sciences stay at home. Facts, Sir; we must have facts!

These blameless yearnings are happily indulged by the modern *voyageur*. We live at an epoch full of splendid discovery. No period in history, equally brief—one at the close of the fifteenth century, when Columbus found the Western world, and De Gama the way to the Eastern, alone excepted—has yielded so brilliant a harvest of reliable geographical knowledge as the six years closing with 1855. The period covers investigations of Barth, Vogel, and De Lauture in Middle Africa; of Oswell, Livingstone, and Andersson in the South; of Lieutenant Burton in the East. It covers the perquisitions of Layard, Rawlinson, and Place, in Assyria. It covers the highly interesting, but curiosity-provoking excursions of Herndon and Page up the Maranon and Parana into the heart of South America. It covers the explorations of M'Clure, Collinson, Rae, and Kane within the Polar circle. It unfolds an index of courage, labor, and patience, well rewarded, that might stimulate the most indolent *fainéant* in civilized life into the spirit of adventure. The index is that of a bulky volume, containing stores of facts precious to science, with very little that is not tributary to some department of knowledge. But foremost and chief, as the leading discoveries of the time, and the crown and complement of all preceding research, rank these three:

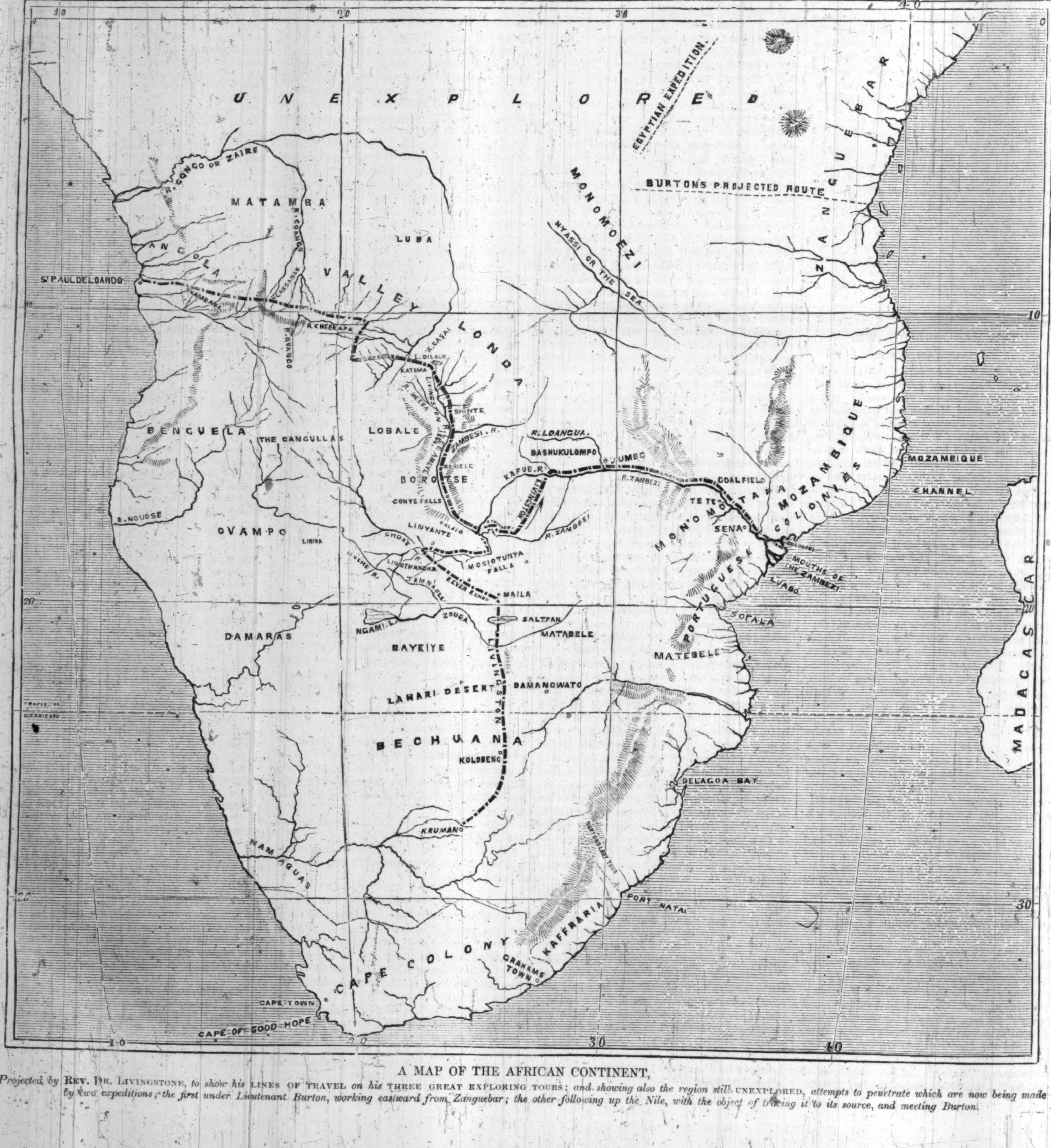
1. The discovery, in 1849, by Captain Oswell and Dr. Livingstone, of the great lake Ngami, in Southern Africa, thus partially confirming Greek and African tradition, and the conjectures of geologists, that the unknown deserts of that continent beneath the Lunar range are diversified with expanded sheets of water, and possibly an inland sea.

2. The discovery in 1850, by Captain M'Clure, of a northwest passage to China, three hundred years after Sir Hugh Willoughby first attempted to find it, and after three hundred years of gallant endeavor and matchless suffering in the pursuit.

3. The discovery, in 1853, by Dr. Kane, of an iceless circumpolar sea, the existence of which had been presupposed by science.

The latter two achievements leave only second-rate honors to subsequent maritime exploration. Not but that there is a world of work to be done; not but that there are as valuable facts in the sea as ever came out of it. But the main glory of adventure consists in pioneering the way, which, once indicated, they who follow are but instruments in the hands of the true discoverer. Is not the discovery of the planet Neptune credited to Le Verrier, who demonstrated its place in the concave, rather than to the star-gazer who, guided by his data, found it? So will the glory of finding the Northwest Passage belong primarily to M'Clure, who, from the heights of Baring's Island, saw, seventy nautical miles away, across impassable ice, points which Parry had reached from the opposite side; and, like the Spaniard who, "silent upon a peak in Darien," first saw the Pacific, looked down Barrow Strait homeward. Yet no little fame will be his who, working his way through intervening ice, effects, not merely demonstrates, the passage. So, likewise, the honor of proving an open polar sea belongs to Dr. Kane; while a large residuum of credit is reserved for the sailor who shall attain and navigate those unvisited waters. Nor is the field of unfinished labor at the North confined to these two enterprises. The coast-line of the North American Continent is yet to be defined; the extent and direction of various straits, bays, and inlets, separating the Arctic islands, are to be ascertained; the islands themselves are to be surveyed; Greenland is to be circumnavigated. All these things will doubtless be accomplished before 1957; the most of them during the current century. An expedition furnished with all the results of M'Clure, Collinson, and Kane, and instructed thoroughly by their experience of ice and cold, is already planned in England; and, if managed with sense, intrepidity, and attended with good fortune, may foregather the labors of a generation or two. The propriety of expediting overland from Canada a subsidiary company, provided completely with the appliances of scientific and geographical observation will not, we suspect, be overlooked by Her Majesty's Colonial Office.

In South America, the grand labors of Humboldt and Bonpland—only less valuable because effected before the natural sciences had assumed their present better classification—with the minor attempts of Herndon and Page, only whet the appetite for information. Paraguay is still a terra incognita; the upper waters of the Amazon have been but cursorily noted; the hammer of the geologist has scarcely disturbed the echoes of the Andes, with their wondrous peaks and table-lands, abrupt chasms, and irregular stratification; the shelves of our museums boast very few representatives of the animal and vegetable fecundity which throngs the prolific plains at their feet. The southern half of our hemisphere is, in fact, a vast arena for remunerative research—an arena uninterrupted and unimpoverished by desert sands. The Emperor of Brazil, we are glad to note, has organized an expedition to so much of the course of the Amazon as



A MAP OF THE AFRICAN CONTINENT,

Projected by REV. DR. LIVINGSTONE, *to show his* LINES OF TRAVEL *on his* THREE GREAT EXPLORING TOURS; *and showing also the region still* UNEXPLORED, *attempts to penetrate which are now being made by two expeditions; the first under Lieutenant Burton, working eastward from Zanguebar; the other following up the Nile, with the object of tracing it to its source, and meeting Burton.*

lies within his dominions. It is designed to start early in the coming autumn.

Africa more than makes up for the deficiencies of South America in the article of sand. Its animal kingdom is also upon a more stupendous scale, adding that formidable obstacle to other peculiar perils of exploration. Nevertheless, thanks to the enterprise of the Viceroy of Egypt, the intrepidity of Dr. Livingstone, the pliant adaptability of Captain Burton, much has been accomplished. The White Nile has been examined within two degrees of the Equator; advancing from the vicinity of the Cape, Livingstone has traversed the middle region obliquely, up to the eighth parallel of South latitude; and, varying his track, he has crossed the same country from ocean to ocean, as shown upon the chart prepared by him, which accompanies the present paper. Upon the latter route, from longitude 25° to the Mozambique Channel, he had been anticipated by Pereira, in 1796. Burton has recently returned from some remarkable investigations in the country back of Natal, throwing light upon tribes unvisited by Europeans. Africa nevertheless affords a vast area for research. Ethiopia is still imperfectly known. A tract as large as the United States is clothed in utter obscurity. We know nothing of the Mountains of the Moon but their name. The source of the White Nile is undiscovered. The inland sea we have referred to has never been seen or sounded. Whole nations, known to us by report, have yet to witness that phenomenon, a white man. Such is the field still open for exploration; and it is scarcely to be imagined that the adventurous spirit of our time will long leave it without cultivators. We already hear of hunting parties, and individuals pushing by degrees inward from the various European settlements upon both shores, supplying, if not exact scientific and topographical data, additional anecdotes of the aborigines. There is, moreover, the great Egyptian expedition now upon the Nile, recruited from the European schools of science, furnished with apparatus, boats, necessaries, and a powerful escort; and instructed to stop nowhere short of the mysterious head of that river, should the search carry them to the Lunar mountains, or to the moon itself. Burton, too, at the head of a strong company, has landed in Zanguebar, on the eastern side, in latitude 5° south, designing to urge his discoveries inward until he join the Egyptian party, and with them to seek the intercontinental sea. Should these projects be realized to the extent the character of the men engaged in them warrants, the dark curtain that has, from the beginning shrouded Middle Africa will at last be uprolled, and the land of ivory and gold-dust become as familiar to curious civilization as the land of the olives and myrtle.

Turning to Asia, we find great reason to rejoice that the "golden realm of Cathay" is to be thrown open to the world. The first step having been taken, Chinese obstinacy will do the rest. China is broken. The barbarian will pour in. Foreign intervention will satisfy and tranquilize rebellion, restore activity to industry, and, by settling upon solid foundations the guarantees of trade, lend it new vitality. What immense tracts will thus be made penetrable to the curious explorer; what boundless fields opened for educational and missionary effort; what provocations presented to antiquarian and historical inquiry; what temptations to men of science; what curious and secret processes, invaluable to the agriculturist and artisan! Indeed, no anticipations, however enthusiastic, can be fairly pronounced extravagant, when we reflect that this is the eldest empire of earth, the home of one-third of the human family, the mother of those immortal arts, without which mankind might still be in the dawn rather than in the noontide of civilization. It will not be long before Japan will yield to the same pressure now applied to China, and expand to the approach of commerce and travel.

There will then remain for examination only one promising theatre of research, namely, the Australasian archipelago, still indifferently known even to the Europeans scattered about it. Australia, had our own government possessed it, would long ago have been mapped, acre by acre, in the Land Office, and its entire topography delineated minutely. We have no means of conjecture as to the time the British government will be likely to take for the same task. Certainly, in the anomalous character of the animal and vegetable life observed there, we have the prospect of results profoundly interesting to the naturalist; while for data to be supplied only by the rocks of that eccentric continent, the geologist must continue to wait patiently. Time, and the enterprise of his children, will accomplish these things, and greater. In another century, perhaps, the phrases, "Unexplored region," "Only partially known," and other similar blazons of geographical ignorance, will cease to disfigure the map. Perhaps, in still another, we shall have ordnance and coast surveys of the earth's entire surface—an immense advance upon the survey desired by Mr. Alexander Pope. What may we not expect from the accelerating movement of the age?

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

TEA AND A PHILANTHROPIST.

Most luxuries, and, for that matter, most utilities, have had to fight their way into general reception. With some, as tobacco, though the practice is confirmed, the battle of opinion is not yet ended. But who, at this day, would say a word against tea, the poet's

cup which cheers but not inebriates?

It is not easy to imagine how this innocent substitute for coarser stimulants could ever have been opposed, especially in its use by the lower classes. Yet it was, and by a respectable man of intelligence, who should have known better. The reader may remember that traveled philanthropist, Jonas Hanway's passage with Dr. Johnson in the magazines on the subject. Exactly one hundred years ago, Hanway published a terrific onslaught upon Tea—in his moralizing "Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames." It is at this day interesting simply from its nonsense; but there is a valuable lesson to be learned from that nonsense, namely, how far a good man will sometimes go in pushing his wrong-headed benevolence at the expense of innocent people. "To what a height of folly," exclaims Hanway, "must a nation be arrived when the common people are not satisfied with wholesome food at home, but must go to the remotest regions to please a vicious palate! There is a certain lane near Richmond where beggars are often seen, in the summer season, drinking their tea. You may see laborers who are mending the roads drinking their tea; it is even drunk in cinder-carts; and, what is not less absurd, sold out in cups to haymakers." Jonas's patriotism next takes the alarm: "He who should be able to drive three Frenchmen before him, or she who might be a breeder of such a race of men, are to be seen sipping their tea!

Was it the breed of such as these
That quelled the proud Hysperides?

Were they the sons of tea-sippers who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, or dyed the Danube's streams with Gallic blood?"

What a horrid picture of human happiness is conjured up in this climax of misery—a scene which the reformers of this century would consider the beau ideal of human felicity for the laboring-classes, and which kind-hearted people would subscribe millions to bring about generally: "Look into all the cellars in London, you will find men or women sipping their tea in the morning or afternoon, and very often both morning and afternoon: those will have tea who have not bread. I once took a ramble for two months, attended only by a servant. I strolled far into several parts of England, and when I was tired of riding I walked, and, with as much decency as I could, often visited little huts to see how the people lived. I still found the same game was playing, and misery itself had no power to banish tea, which had frequently introduced that misery. I have been told that, in some places, where the people are so poor that no one family possesses all the necessary apparatus for tea, they carry them to each other's houses, to the distance of a mile or two, and club materials for this fantastic amusement. What a wild infatuation is this!" To which we add, what a stupendous ass was Hanway, and how blind as a bat may be your meddling philanthropist!

THE STYLE OF GIBBON

is very happily described with a felicity of illustration worthy of the subject, by the acute critic and metaphysician Henry Rogers, in a recent biographical article on the historian in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "Of the many high qualities which characterize his history, perhaps none is more marked than the manner in which he has managed to manœuvre, so to speak, the vast array of facts which crowd its pages. It is the amplest historic canvas ever spread, the largest historic painting ever executed, by a single hand. The history of Rome is, for the many centuries which Gibbon treats, the history of the world; and it is astonishing that he should have been able to work with so much ease such vast and incongruous materials into so much unity of design; that he should have been able (so to speak) to exhibit the many-colored nations of all varieties of costume, habits, languages, and religions in one tolerably consistent *tableau*. This history is a sort of moving panorama of the nations; and as tribe after tribe, nation after nation—Celt, Goth, Saracen, and Sarmatian—appear on the scene from the obscurity of their original seats, they blend with grace in the picturesque narrative. His history is like the Indus or the Mississippi, swelling and still swelling by a thousand tributary floods which augment its volume and tinge its water, but without destroying the identity or the pervading character of the stream.

"The style of Gibbon has great merits mixed with some not trivial defects. The 'luminous Gibbon' was a phrase of Sheridan in his speech on Hastings's trial, with which Gibbon was much delighted; but which the malicious wit afterward playfully denied, and said he must have meant the 'voluminous Gibbon.' Yet the epithet may well stand. The diction is precise, energetic, massive; splendid, where the pictorial demands of the narrative require it, as that of Livy; and sometimes, where profound reflections are to be concisely expressed, as sententious and graphic as that of Tacitus. Less can be said for the *sources* of his diction; it is not sufficiently idiomatic English, and bears every where the traces of his early addictedness to French. The Gallicisms are in many places amusingly perverse. Thus, for example, his constant use of 'prevents' in the old sense of 'anticipate,' sometimes leads to ludicrous apparent contradiction, as when he tells us that 'the prefect had signalized his fidelity to Maximin by the alacrity with which he had obeyed and even *prevented* the cruel mandates of the tyrant;' or, again, that 'the fortunate soil assisted and even prevented the hand of cultivation.'" [This use of "prevent" is an archaism for which Gibbon might have pleaded the familiarity of the current version of the Bible, where it is frequently employed; a plea, however, of which he, of all men, is least entitled to the benefit.]

"The *structure* of his style is open to still greater objections than his *diction*. Harmonious as it often is, it is too frequently set and formal; deficient in flexibility. It is apt to pall on the ear by the too frequent recurrence of the same cadence at equal intervals, and the too unsparing use of antithesis. It is not veined marble, but an exquisite tesselation; not the fluent, naturally-winding stream, but a stately *aqueduct*, faced with stone, adorned with wooded embankments, or flowing over noble arches, but an aqueduct still. It is a just criticism of Sir James Mackintosh that probably no writer ever derived less benefit from his *professed* models. Pascal, Voltaire, Hume, were his delight, and he acknowledges (as so unsuccessful a pupil well might) that he often closed the pages of the last with a feeling of despair. Addison and Swift he read for the very purpose of improving his acquaintance with idiomatic English, yet, as the above critic remarks, 'with so little success, that in the very act of characterizing these writers, he has deviated not a little from that beautiful simplicity which is their peculiar distinction.'"

CONVERSATION.

It was Sir William Temple who so well said, "The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good-humor, and the fourth wit."

GOODNESS.

"To believe in another man's goodness," says Montaigne, "is no light evidence of your own."

ON A HARD-HEARTED PREACHER.

The truth that "Sermons are in stones,"
On any one must quickly dart,
When told that Smith, or Brown, or Jones,
Preaches directly from the heart.

FURNITURE WIVES.

"Men," says Charles Lamb, in one of his miscellaneous contributions to the periodicals, not included in his published works; "men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it; how such a woman, in their friend's eyes, will look at the head of a table. Hence, we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all. These I call furniture wives; as men buy furniture, pictures, because they suit this or that niche in their dining parlors."

A SACRED SONNET.

The following is from "The Temple" of George Herbert. It is founded on one of those conceits or turns of phrase in which the poet's wit delighted, and which he turned from mere learned or fantastic to sacred purposes. His puns are often links between this world and the next. The reference to America—the "fresh and new western discoveries of posterity"—is noteworthy; a sentiment dwelt upon at length by Herbert in the famous lines of his "Church Militant," written in the first flush of the Puritan emigration to this country. This is the sonnet:

The Son.

Let foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast;
Who can not dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To Parent's issue and the Sun's bright star!
A Son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
Chasing the Father's dimness, carried far
From the first man in the East, to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So in one word our Lord's humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We Him in glory call, *The Son of Man.*

LITERARY.

Our English packages contain few books of interest. It is remarkable that so large a portion of the English book-market is supplied from American sources. Reprints of American works abound in the catalogues. A compliment is paid to American scholarship by a new reprint of Dr. Anthon's classical works for students, the entire series of which are advertised by a London house at prices much above the American selling price. Anthon's Horace, published by Harper & Brothers at $1 25 is advertised by Tegg & Co. at 7s. 6d., or about $1 87, and Cicero, Cæsar, Xenophon, Homer, and the others of Dr. Anthon's series, at a proportionate advance on the American price.

Mrs. Oliphant, author of Margaret Maitland, is engaged on "Three Years of my Life," and it is even hinted that Bulwer and Disraeli are about to reappear "between covers." If the latter ventures on a novel, let us hope for some of his early freshness and none of the intolerable dullness of his later political works.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works, by William Cotton, M.A., edited by John Burnet, F.R.S., and published by Longmans, is a book which has attracted some attention, but whose intolerable stupidity is not relieved by the interest which all artists and persons of taste admit must surround its subject. Sir Joshua's exquisite harmonies of color have not been equaled by any English artist. We have always been disposed to regard him as pre-eminently an English-character painter. An Italian or a southern beauty would not seem so angelic when reproduced on canvas by his pencil, but to be a beautiful Englishwoman, and to be painted by Sir Joshua, was an earthly immortality, than which no human female could be ambitious for a more glorious.

The extracts from his diary are suggestive; they are nothing more. Never was so meagre a diary published on the pages of an octavo, and yet, looking up a little contemporary history, reading Haydon's Autobiography, Boswell's Johnson, and some half dozen other books of late times, one can find in this diary a vast amount to think of. But at times it only reminds us of our own diaries, and comforts us with the idea of an example so illustrious. For instance:

Sept. 7th. Five o'clock, set out for Devonshire.
" 8th. Dined with Lord Pembroke; lay at Blandford.
" 9th. Sunday, fine prospect; Bridport, Axminster.
" 10th. Saltram at one.
" 11th. Hunting.
" 12th. Ride to Plymbridge. 3, Mount Edgecumbe.
" 13th. Hunting.

And so on. But elsewhere in the diary, mentioned in the same brief style, occur names of sitters, which sound in our ears like the voices of a resurrection. Thus, in 1787, among his sitters appear such as these, thus briefly catalogued:

Jan. 12th. At home, Mr. Warton, Mr. Erskine.
" 13th. Mr. Joseph Banks.
Feb. 1st. Alderman Boydel.
Feb. 6th. Lady Ashburton.
April 2d. At 5, Mrs. Siddons; 9, Mrs. Angerstein.
" 14th. At 4, Boswell.

In the diary of April 7th, 1769, occurs the entry, "At home, Dr. Johnson." This is the brief note of the dinner which Boswell has described, when Dr. Johnson abused claret, about which he knew as little as about many other things of which he discoursed largely. We have not time to linger on the thoughts which this book rouses.

It is worth noting, for the encouragement of artists who desire posthumous success, that at the Marchioness of Thormond's sale in 1821, forty-four of Sir Joshua's pictures, chiefly portraits, were sold and brought sums of which we find the total to be nearly $70,000! His pictures are becoming more valuable yearly. In 1823 his Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse was sold to Lord Grosvenor for 1745 guineas.

At no period, in our knowledge of American taste and cultivation, has the appreciation of art been so high as at present, or talent and ability found more adequate rewards. Notwithstanding the apprehensions expressed that the photographic art would ruin portrait painters the reverse has proved to be the result, and a photograph which gives the momentary expression of countenance leads the possessor to desire a portrait which shall be more nearly a living and speaking likeness. Nor in portraits alone, but in works of art of all descriptions, artists are finding customers. The rule that a good engraving is better than a poor painting has just popularity, as the engraving publishers find. Messrs. Williams & Stevens have now ready the Faed engraving of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, which is perhaps the most perfect specimen of the art that the age has produced. From the simple outlines of Virgil Solis on copper in 1550, or the etchings of Durer in 1500, to this superb work, the change has been vast indeed. No art has had more steady and constant progress, or reached more extraordinary results.

The brothers Faed are remarkable men. The painting by John, which many persons will remember having seen some time since in New York, and which will probably soon be here again, is reproduced by James Faed in a mezzotint, which, for softness, clearness, elegance of outline and shade, management of light, and general effect, has all the merit of the original painting. The "immortal Williams" (as a lately-elected member of the French Academy styles Shakspeare, whom he considers a tolerably fair dramatist, rather indecent in style, inferior to Racine and Corneille, and needing a great deal of polish to make him fit for refined French literary taste) is the centre and prominent object in the picture, while here and there around him, sit, or stand, or lounge, the frequenters of the Mermaid Tavern in Shakspeare's days, the poet Daniel, and Dean Donne, rare Ben Jonson, who was the intimate friend of the great bard, Beaumont, who died in the same year with Shakspeare, and Fletcher, who died of plague in 1625, gallant Raleigh, Bacon, Camden, and others, all men of note and renown. The grouping is effective, and the whole work will repay one who will sit down before it and study the artist's conception of countenances that represent souls with which the world has long been familiar. It is a pleasant indication of that state of public taste to which we have referred that elaborate engravings are so frequently published or imported for American purchasers.

The Science of Logic, *by Rev. Asa Mahan*, is issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., in very handsome style. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Mahan's intellectual philosophy will understand the value of this new work on logic as an aid to students. Messrs. Barnes & Co. have recently published very extensive contributions to the school and college text-books of the country, among which *Dr. Gregory's* Handbooks (1) of Organic Chemistry, (2) of Inorganic Chemistry, edited by *Dr. Sanders*, of Cincinnati, possess eminent value. Their reputation abroad has scarcely surpassed that which they have achieved here. They have passed through four editions here and as many in England. The same publishers have also issued Principles of Chemistry, *by John A. Porter*, Professor in Yale College, which appears to have special value as a succinct, clear, and simple manual of chemistry for the use of schools, adapted to purposes of illustration with very simple apparatus. In fact, the author has succeeded in showing how many of the most interesting chemical experiments may be performed, and the science admirably illustrated with such jars, glasses, cups, and utensils as any ordinary house contains among its table furniture, and a complete apparatus made up with these and a few trifling additions.

Dr. G. B. Docharty, of the New York Free Academy, already known well as the author of "Institutes of Algebra," has published (Harper & Brothers publishers) a new mathematical school-book, entitled Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry, together with the Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. This is a condensed and admirable work, containing in a few pages what is ordinarily spread over octavo quires. Much that is cumbersome and wholly useless to the student in the old treatises is omitted, much that is valuable and new is added, and the whole is so arranged that while the scholar will find the difficult passages of the Pons Asinorum and the 47th proposition materially eased, the teacher will see that his own labors are simplified and greatly assisted. A careful examination of this work by teachers will lead to its general adoption in schools.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press Leonora d'Orco, a new novel, *by G. P. R. James*. The publication of which is delayed only until an edition shall be ready for issue in England.

Ticknor & Fields announce a number of interesting books, among which are Barry Cornwall's new poems, which we noticed last week, and a new novel by Kingsley, "Two Years Ago."

A new novel, The Golden Legacy, a Story of Life's Phases, *by a Lady*, appears with the im-

print of D. Appleton & Co., in that clear, handsome type and page style, which would make it a luxury to read even a book that had no merit in itself. Without being informed of the antecedents of the author of this volume, we are content to take the assurance which it gives us that she is an able acquisition to the corps of literary ladies. Her sketches of quiet American home-life show that she understands the truth which too many novelists know little about, that the most absorbing interest and the most attractive romance are found, not in the extraordinary and unusual, but in the ordinary and familiar incidents of life, properly appreciated and judiciously selected and arranged.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

R. Carter & Brothers.

The Giant Killer; or, the Battle which all must Fight. By A. L. O. E., Author of "Claremont Tales," etc. 1 vol. 18mo, 30 cents.

Memories of Bethany. By the Author of "Morning and Night Watches." 1 vol. 16mo, 60 cents.

Carlton & Porter.

Annals of the Christian Church. In familiar Conversations for Young Persons. By Mrs. Parker. 1 vol. 18mo, 35 cents.

Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By Dr. Herman Olshawsen. Translated from the German by David Fosdick, Jun.; revised for American edition by A. C. Kendrick, D.D. Vol. II., 8vo, $2.

Derby & Jackson.

The Star and the Cloud; or, a Daughter's Love. By A. S. Roe, Author of "I've been Thinking," etc. 1 vol. 12mo.

BOSTON.

Oliver, Ditson, & Co.

The Psalms of Life: a Compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, Anthems, etc. By John S. Adams. 1 vol. 12mo, 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. H. Butler & Co.

The Memorial, with Circular and Questions, of the Episcopal Commission; Report of the Commission, etc., etc. Introduction by Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 2d February, both Houses appointed committees to report a mode of examining the votes for President and Vice-President, and notifying the persons elected. The Senate amended and passed the Indian Appropriation Bill, and adopted a resolution calling for information about the San Francisco Vigilance Committee. The House passed a bill to legalize entries under the Graduation Act of 1854, the amended bill establishing a steam revenue cutter, and a bill dividing Texas into two judicial districts. A resolution was adopted directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to produce Mr. Simonton before the Investigating Committee; a resolution was reported from the Judicial Committee impeaching Judge Watrous, of Texas; the bill establishing new collection districts was discussed.—On Tuesday, Senator Wilson introduced a bill to secure to actual settlers alternate sections of public lands granted to the States for railroad purposes. The Senate then went into executive session. In the House no business of general interest was transacted.—On Wednesday, Senator Simmons, from Rhode Island, presented his credentials to the Senate. After discussion, it was resolved to print the correspondence relative to General Scott's pay as Lieutenant-General. In the House a bill to equalize army, navy, and marine pensions was introduced; the Senate Submarine Telegraph Bill was favorably reported from the committee; the House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, and passed the joint resolution giving to each House the control of its contingent fund. Mr. Hale's claim to the seat from Iowa was confirmed by the Election Committee. The Tariff Bill was discussed in Committee of the Whole.—On Thursday, the Senate concurred in the House amendments to the Foreign Coins Bill, and added another; and passed the bill confirming entries of land under the Graduation Act. A bill providing for the transportation of the mails from New York to San Francisco was introduced. In the House, the Senate resolution fixing Wednesday, 11th, as the day for counting the votes for President was adopted. The Submarine Telegraph and Tariff Bills were discussed.—On Friday, the Senate adopted a resolution directing inquiry into the expediency of a further grant of $50,000 for the exploration of the Plata and its tributaries. The House was engaged on private bills.—On Saturday, the Senate amended and reported the House bill increasing the pay of officers of the army. The House was engaged with territorial and private business.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

This body has not reported at the time we go to press. Mr. Simonton has been again before it, but was unable to finish his evidence from illness. The members have expressed a desire to sit ten hours a day, in order to get through the work. A special officer was sent to this city to secure the person of Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune*, who is charged with receiving $1000 from an applicant for Congressional action; the officer returned to Washington, stating that Mr. Greeley could not be found. The Committee are printing the evidence, which is voluminous.

THE SENATE IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

It is understood that the Senate has referred the Dallas Treaty to the Committee on Foreign Relations for amendments, which is tantamount to rejecting it; and has refused to confirm the appointment of Mr. Harrison as Judge Lecompte's successor in Kansas.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Legislature of New York has passed the Supply Bill, and is busily engaged with several Charter Bills and other matters. Mr. Preston King (Republican), has been elected United States Senator in the room of Senator Fish, by the following vote:

	Senate.	Assembly.
King (Republican)	14	77
Sickles (Democrat)	1	33
Headley (Know Nothing)	9	6

The Democrats of the Indiana Legislature have elected Graham L. Fitch for the vacancy, and Jesse D. Bright for the full term, as United States Senators. The Senate did not concur, and protested.

PUGILISM IN THE MISSOURI LEGISLATURE.

The question of Emancipation is being ventilated in the Missouri legislature. It has led to a striking scene. On the 28th ult. Mr. Darnes, of Scott, introduced the following resolution:

"*Resolved*—By the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, that the emancipation of Slavery in the State of Missouri is impracticable and unjust to the slaveholder, and ought not to be agitated."

This was opposed by Mr. Reid, who spoke warmly.

MR. DARNES did not fear gunpowder, and begged to inform the gentleman that his room was at No. 12 Newman's Hotel.

MR. REID. If I am not mistaken it may be No. 12 a little lower down the river.

MR. DARNES. Yours ought to be cell No. 12 Penitentiary, where you ought to have been before you fought the battle of Ossawatomie.

Mr. Reid rose, and Mr. Darnes, facing the Speaker, continued his remarks.

MR. DARNES. Your powder has no terrors for me. I am contending for principles.

At this moment Mr. Reid had stepped to the right-hand side of Mr. Darnes. He laid his left hand upon his shoulder, and drawing off with his right, struck him (Darnes) a heavy blow on the right cheek, covering the cheek-bone, and knocking him down. Reid then returned to his seat.

Mr. Darnes, having recovered somewhat from the effects of the blow, said: "I say, Sir, that no man but a cowardly assassin would step up behind a gentleman's back and strike him; I say, Sir, that I have been assaulted in the House; I say, Sir, that an assassin stepped up behind me when my back was turned upon him, and struck me in the face. I pronounce him a coward and scoundrel."

Mr. Reid here stepped forward again, when Mr. Darnes raised a tumbler with the evident intention of throwing it at him.

Mr. Reid then drew a knife, when Mr. Allen, of Warren, and several other gentlemen stepped in front of Reid, and he retired to his seat.

Mr. Darnes was also prevented from throwing the glass by gentlemen around him.

It seems that the gentlemen are a fair match. Reid led the Missouri invaders at the affair of Ossawatomie in Kansas and Darnes once beat a Missouri editor to death.

STRANGE SCENE IN A CHURCH.

A singular scene took place on Thursday last in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Staten Island. On that day Bishop Potter was to install Mr. Irving as rector of the parish, though several of the congregation were opposed to his selection.

At eleven o'clock the assistant minister of the parish arrived at the church, together with the counsel employed by the committee, and demanded of the senior warden the keys of the church, proclaiming himself rector or incumbent of the parish, upon which the keys were given up. At twelve o'clock the Bishop arrived, together with Rev. Mr. Irving, and proceeded to the robing room, followed by the vestry, counsel for committee, and numerous members of the congregation. A protest was presented to the Bishop on behalf of the people, together with the legal evidence adduced, all of which, without examination, he cast behind him, ordered his clergy to robe, and stepping up to the assistant minister peremptorily ordered him, under penalty of immediate and summary punishment, to deliver up the keys of the church, declaring himself to be rector of the parish, *ex-officio*; and when reverently informed by the assistant minister that he had not got them, was informed by the Bishop that he would hold him responsible until they were produced. The scene in the vestry room during the above occurrence may be more easily imagined than described. The Bishop proceeded to robe himself, and after a few moments appeared in the church, followed by several of the clergy, and the service was proceeded with until the Bishop, as required by the Prayer Book, directed that if any objection existed against the person to be installed, it be produced then. The counsel for the committee arose and stated a series of objections and resolutions deprecating the action of the vestry, and also the action of the right reverend prelate, and urging several objections against Rev. Mr. Irving. The Bishop listened, then arose, and stated that he adjudged the charges to be groundless, and would proceed with the service of installation. The feeling at this time throughout the congregation was intense; many left the church, and the rest remained, out of respect to the right reverend prelate.

DEATH OF THE ARCHITECT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A private letter from Copenhagen states that George Carstensen, architect of the Crystal Palace, New York, died at Copenhagen on the 4th of January. He commenced the publication of a Sunday newspaper at Copenhagen, and died the same day that the first number was issued.

A GENTLEMAN WANTS TO BE BURNED.

A New York physician worth $200,000 has made a will directing that his body shall be burned. He has also written a book in favor of burning the dead. By his will, he directs his mortal remains to be kept for five days in a warm room: the thorax then to be opened, and the heart extracted, which is to be embalmed and inclosed in a thick vellum bag, strongly impregnated with asphaltum; the remainder of his body is then to be publicly burned on a pyre of sassafras or sandal-wood, in one of the public cemeteries—the ashes carefully gathered and deposited with the embalmed heart in a bronze urn. Five copies of the leading daily city papers, containing an account of the whole proceedings, are likewise directed to be deposited in the urn, which is then to be hermetically sealed, and taken to the New York Museum.

In the midst of the excitement created by these proceedings, the work is to be published. For its circulation $10,000 are appropriated, $10,000 more for distribution among the city officials and leading politicians of all parties, who are to receive from $25 to $100 each for assisting in the ceremony; and $10,000 more for the editorial fraternity, to be divided *pro rata* according to their influence.

Should any thing occur to prevent the due execution of the will, the bulk of his property is to be at once transferred to a charitable institution in Philadelphia.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF REMORSE.

The confession of the soldier Lawlor, who said he had murdered a girl in Ireland, four years ago, will be remembered by most readers. On his own statement he was locked up in the Tombs; but while there he manifested insanity, which led many to believe that the story of the murder was without foundation, and had only been trumped up for the purpose of obtaining his release from the army. The prisoner was examined by some medical men, who gave it as their opinion that he was insane, and should be sent to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island for medical treatment. In accordance with the opinion of the physicians, Lawlor was sent to the institution in question, where he has remained ever since. Meantime the British Consul in this city has been active in making inquiries respecting the murder of which Lawlor confessed himself to be the perpetrator, and a correspondence was had with the authorities at Rathdrum in relation to the affair. The result of the investigation goes to show that a murder was committed about the time stated by the prisoner; that the name of the victim was Mary Dunn; that Lawlor was a teacher in the workhouse at the time; and, moreover, that he was present at the inquest held upon the body of the deceased. These facts, together with the admissions of the prisoner to the authorities in this city, will, it is supposed, result in his being sent back to Ireland for trial.

A COOL PROCEEDING.

A ball is said to have been given by the United States officers on the prairie at Lecompton, Kansas, on New-Year's eve. The ladies all wore Mackinaw shawls and overshoes, and at the end of every cotillion would run to the fire and warm their noses. The supper was served in a tent, and all hands turned in about midnight. In the morning holes were cut in the ice in the Kaw river that the ladies might wash their faces.

A DISCIPLINARIAN DISCIPLINED.

It is well known that Mr. M'Callum, the superintendent of the Erie Railroad, is a strict constructionist and severe disciplinarian; he discharged a conductor for passing the family of a director who had a pass, as the conductor knew, but had left it at home. Soon after the new year came in, Mr. M'Callum took the cars himself, and being asked by another conductor, who had the case of the other fresh in his memory, for his pass, showed one for 1856; the conductor refused to acknowledge it, and, though the Superintendent explained and said it was "all right," the conductor would not yield, but made him pay his full fare, and likewise the five cents extra for not buying his ticket. Mr. M'Callum will probably not venture abroad again without having his pass *en règle*.

HOW THE CHINESE TAKE OATHS.

A number of Chinamen were summoned as witnesses the other day, in a case between a Chinese and a Tartar, in one of our courts. The Chinese witnesses testified after the manner prescribed by their religion. Taking a piece of yellow paper, the witness traced upon it certain Chinese characters, and then setting fire to it, kneeled before the flames, and repeated the words of the oath while it burned.

A YOUNG LADY LOST IN THE SNOW.

A few days since a party of ladies and gentlemen took a sleigh drive on Long Island. As they returned, late in the evening, their sleigh came in contact with a sleigh load of roystering, half-drunken Germans, and all of them were spilt into the snow. It was quite dark, and, in the fright and confusion, the New York sleigh drove off without noticing that one of the girls was missing. The next day the party sought far and near for their missing companion, but in vain, until she presented herself, near night, at her residence. She says that the Germans were cursing and swearing at a terrible rate when her sleigh drove off. When they discovered her, one seized and was dragging her toward his sleigh. Dodging out of his grasp before reaching it, she ran, terror adding wings to her flight, she knew not which way. At last, seeing a farm-house, she rushed to it, beat upon the front door, but hearing no quick response, pushed on to the back door, screaming aloud. The farmer opened at once to her, his family soothed her, got her to bed, and next day tackled his own team, and brought her home. As the farmer tells the [illegible] it was a narrow escape for the poor girl from violence, and perhaps bloodshed.

EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.

Patrick Kennedy, one of the murderers of James Cruise, has been hanged at New Orleans, his accomplice, Costlow, having poisoned himself in prison.

The scaffold was the one generally used in the Parish Prison—a trap attached to a wall by hinges, and by a rope passing into the cell through the window, with two beams projecting from the top of the same, and a noose hanging from each beam—one of them having been intended for Costlow. The prisoners were all shut up in the cells, but they could be seen peering anxiously through the gratings.

At a little after 11 o'clock on the day of the execution, Kennedy appeared on the upper gallery, clad in white, his hands tied behind him, and the death-cap on his head. He was accompanied by his spiritual adviser, Rev. Father Hubert, of the Jesuits' Church on Baronne Street. He walked firmly and composedly along the gallery down the stairs, and out on the little side-gallery leading to the scaffold. There he made a respectful bow to the spectators, and said, "May God bless you all—may God bless you all—that's all I've got to say. God bless you all—that's all I've got to say."

The priest then pressed a crucifix to his lips and embraced him, after which he took his seat on the fatal stool without betraying any emotion farther than a solemn and sorrowful expression of his countenance. The Deputy Sheriff then read the sentence and death-warrant to him. He looked intently at the Deputy during the reading, preserving his composed demeanor all the time. After that the priest prayed for him and again pressed the crucifix to his lips and embraced him. The doomed man commenced praying in a low voice, and continued praying while the executioner, a tall figure in a slouched hat, black mask, and blue domino, adjusted the noose about his neck and the white cap over his face. The last, solemn service of the Church was then read; the trap fell, and Patrick Kennedy was launched into eternity. He died with apparent ease, drawing his body up only two or three times, in a hardly perceptible manner. After being suspended until life was declared extinct by the physicians he was let down into his coffin, decently disposed therein, and shut out from earthly sight forever.

THE BURDELL MURDER CASE.

At the time our last number went to press, we stated that a frightful murder had been committed on the night of Friday, the 30th ult., in Bond Street, and that the victim was Harvey Burdell, dentist, a man of middle age and considerable fortune.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Directly on the discovery of the deed, a coroner's jury was impanneled, and Coroner Connery proceeded to take evidence. That inquest is still sitting at the time we go to press. It is right to say that it has been conducted in a manner which has excited the disgust and indignation of the public. The Coroner has displayed an ignorance, a brutality of manner, and a levity of deportment and language which have actually enraged the community, and will probably lead to his dismissal by the Governor. The inquest has been unnecessarily long; much valuable time has been wasted.

SUBSTANCE OF THE EVIDENCE.

A large number of witnesses have been examined, among others Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. J. J. Eckel, two Misses Cunningham, two Masters Cunningham, two servants, Mr. Daniel Ullman, Mr. George V. Snodgrass—all residing in the house, together with a number of persons connected or acquainted with the deceased and the Cunningham family. From their depositions it appears that Dr. Burdell, whose mistress Mrs. Cunningham had once been, was not now on good terms with her, and considered that he stood in danger of his life from her and her family. She wanted him to marry her, was actually married by Rev. Mr. Marvine to some man who personated Burdell, and declared in her evidence on the inquest that she was Mrs. Burdell; but various circumstances go to show that this man was not Burdell, and that the certificate of marriage was based upon a fraud. One month after the marriage, Mrs. Cunningham desired her attorney to renew a suit against Burdell for breach of promise; said suit having been withdrawn previously on terms favorable to Mrs. Cunningham. This would seem to dispose of the pretended marriage, and to convict Mrs. Cunningham of having, on the morning after Burdell's death, fraudulently assumed to be his widow. It also appears that Burdell, from his great animosity to, and fear of the Cunninghams, desired to get them out of his house, gave them notice to quit, and was to have leased the house to another party named Stansbury on the day following the one on which he was murdered. Had this arrangement been carried into effect, it seems that Mrs. Cunningham and her daughters would have been destitute and without a home. Finally, the loaded revolver and the safe-key belonging to Dr. Burdell have been found in Mrs. Cunningham's possession.

This is the burden of evidence on which Mrs. Cunningham has been committed as an accomplice in the murder. Mr. John J. Eckel has likewise been committed mainly on evidence tending to show that he was the lover and friend of Mrs. Cunningham, and was likely to share her likes and dislikes.

Evidence has been taken to show that a cry of murder was heard in the street before midnight on Friday. The knife with which the fifteen wounds were inflicted has not been found, nor have blood-stains been safely traced beyond the hall. Eckel's clothes are missing.

In a word, there is no evidence on which a jury would convict Mrs. Cunningham, Eckel, or any one else of the murder. But there is a powerful chain of circumstantial evidence implicating these two persons in the affair; and though the theory that they are the murderers involves great difficulties, supposes in them a degree of nerve and presence of mind such as the world has rarely seen, places the girls Cunningham and their friend, Mr. Snodgrass, in a peculiar position, and implies that the deed was done with an expertness, and its trail concealed with a skill rarely equaled, nevertheless that theory is the one to which the majority of this community adhere.

THE LAST OF THE IMPOSTORS.

The public are cautioned against a benevolent lady who is traveling about raising money by an ingenious process.

She is described as about forty or forty-five years old, ordinary stature, black hair and eyes; had with her a girl about fifteen and a boy twelve years old, whom she claimed as son and daughter. She makes it a point to quarter herself on some influential family. Her *modus operandi* is to solicit subscriptions for a magazine about to be issued, the proceeds or profits to be devoted to benevolent purposes, but more particularly to enable Governor Slade to send teachers to the West. The magazine, though a very expensive one, is to be issued at a very low price, as "Mr. Grinnell was to furnish the paper gratis; Peter Cooper had made large subscriptions, being desirous the publication should have extensive circulation. The contents would be heart-offerings of various writers and artists." Of course, the whole story is bogus, all the parties named denying all knowledge of such magazine.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Our friends in California keep up the excitement. A few days since, John Cardinell, formerly a resident of Columbia, California, returned with a very beautiful Castilian woman, and together opened a gaming table. The woman had attractive features and good address, and consequently was very successful. On Friday last, a well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing Spaniard arrived in town in quest of this woman. He stated that formerly he had married her. It appeared that they had been living at the Hill during the past four years; that they were of the better class of their country people, and that at one time he was possessed of a considerable property.

The woman refused to return with her husband, and it seems their separation was finally agreed upon. This morning he concluded that he would return to Mokelumne Hill without the woman, and to enable him to do so, borrowed a sum of money sufficient for his fare from Cardinell. Instead of doing so, however, he went to a store and purchased a pistol, and had it well loaded. About 10 o'clock he proceeded to the residence of the woman, and found Cardinell absent, but a stranger present. His action betrayed no intention of murder. He spoke affectionately to her, reproved her for her lack of love, said life was no longer bearable to him, that he could not exist with the knowledge of her faithlessness, and that she should not live and be the mistress of another man. The woman replied to him that they were both poor, and that the step she had taken was necessary to procure her a livelihood. She had scarcely finished speaking, when he pulled the pistol and fired at her breast, the ball taking a fatal effect below the left nipple. He looked at her a moment, and seemed to gloat over her agony. The persons present ran to give the alarm, but before they were enabled to do so, he again cocked his pistol, turned the muzzle to his own breast, and fired, the ball perforating his heart. He died almost instantly, but the woman is still lingering, although there is no chance for her recovery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

EOTHEN ON BRITISH POLITICS.

MR. KINGLAKE, the author of Eothen, is up for member of Parliament for Newport on the Radical ticket.

"I am strongly of opinion that the high offices of this country are unduly distributed among persons of particular families, and belonging to a particular class in society, without due regard to their qualifications for holding them, and what is the result? Why, that in a country abounding in intelligence and business-like power there is always one firm which is breaking down, and that is the firm of the Government. The House of Peers consists of, I believe, three hundred and forty-six men, and the House of Commons consists of six hundred and fifty-eight, so that, in round numbers, you have one thousand people from whom the Ministers of State have to be selected. Very well. Now, of the three hundred and forty-six peers, almost all, except our right reverend friends the bishops, and two or three law lords, are selected by the mere accident of birth. There, remains, then, the House of Commons from which to find the selected talent of the country. Now, I am going to venture upon telling you a home truth—an unpalatable truth. We must confess, even though it may be an unpalatable thing to know, that the sprinkling of able men which you have in the House of Commons, although it is selected by the people, is not very much greater than the sprinkling of able men in the House of Lords, where the only test is the mere accident of birth."

WHAT CONSTITUTES INFAMY IN ENGLAND.

A Mr. James Watson, a bookseller, has lately sued a newsroom for about three dollars of our money, due for periodicals. On the plaintiff appearing in the witness-box, the defendant's solicitor catechised him as to his faith. Mr. Watson said he believed in the existence of a God. "Whom we know as the Supreme Being?" interrogated the lawyer. Mr. Watson answered, "I can not exactly tell what you know; but I believe in a Supreme Being." The lawyer then proceeded to the subject of "a future state of rewards and punishments." On this head, Mr. Watson said he was not prepared to give a decided answer; he hardly knew whether he did or did not believe. He wished the learned gentleman to explain to him what he meant by "rewards and punishments." The lawyer suggested heaven and hell as his interpretation of that phrase, and asked Mr. Watson if he believed in them. "I believe there are such things talked about," replied Mr. Watson; "but whether there are such things I can't tell." On this, the lawyer contended that Mr. Watson's evidence could not be received, and the Judge (Mr. Losh) concurred. There being no other witnesses in attendance to establish the claim, the plaintiff was nonsuited, and he was required to pay the costs of the defendant. Mr. Story, the defendant's lawyer, took occasion to remark, "The man who would give such answers as these is infamous in the eyes of the law." The Judge: "It is not because he is infamous; but because he can't be believed." Mr. Story: "*I say that the form used is 'infamous.'* He can not be heard in any court of justice." The Judge (addressing the plaintiff): "Suppose you are sworn in any particular way—do you consider that you would be in any way bound by what will take place hereafter in the way of punishments or rewards for it?" The plaintiff: "No, I don't, Sir." The Judge: "Then I can't take your evidence." Mr. Story: "*Your honor ought to direct that he should be removed from the court.* A man who would give utterance to opinions of this sort—" The Judge: "*He has a right to his opinion.*"

THE RESOLUTE ON THE STAGE.

The *Resolute* affair has been introduced into all the Christmas Pantomimes. The ship is represented on the stage, the American and British flags float from the same mast head, American and English tars fraternize on the deck. The cheering which greets this scene is the most hearty of the evening.

MR. THACKERAY MAKES HAY.

The author of the Newcomes has made a contract with a London publisher for a book at a rate which he calculates will pay him about seventy cents of our money per line.

HORRORS OF PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A man named John Markham was lately condemned to a long imprisonment in England, by mistake. One of the under-sheriffs of London thus writes to the *Times* about him: "John Markham was two months in Newgate picking oakum with the convicts there, who in this prison are all in one room together—three murderers at one time, pirates who had deliberately planned wholesale massacres, to be accompanied by indescribable atrocities, burglars, garroters, thieves from their birth, receivers, putters-up of robberies, and the perpetrators of unmentionable crimes. *The amusement of this den of deviltry is to narrate their crimes, and to plan fresh ones.* Poor John Markham was but a cheerless guest amidst this fiendish crew. He was not of them, and would not be of them. Rascaldom, of course, rose in its dirty majesty to avenge itself upon the stranger who defied it, and shrank back from the pollution of its very breath. John Markham was persecuted and tormented by his associates in Newgate with the most virulent and relentless malignity. But in course of time the torture of infamous society was exchanged for the torture of absolute seclusion. It was to Millbank that Markham was removed, and there the system is that of separate confinement. He was locked up in his cell from half-past five at night until six o'clock in the morning, without hearing the sound of a human voice. He had parted with all his ready money and many of his things for his defense; he had a wife and child; they were utterly destitute; she parted with every stick of furniture and every rag of clothing during his imprisonment, and many a day was without a meal of victuals, and now, in agony unutterable, he often thought of her, and how she was existing. This, however, was not all. From Millbank Markham was removed to Pentonville.

"For three months he was immured at Pentonville—kept all the time in solitary confinement. The seclusion in this prison is so strictly maintained that even in the chapel each prisoner is inclosed in a wooden box, where he can neither see others nor be seen himself. In the chapel, at the sound of a human voice, the convicts are often affected, faint away, or shriek out. 'Why?' I asked Markham, 'Oh! they think of home, or something of that,' he replied. After six months had elapsed—six months spent in the terrible situation we have described—Markham was *pardoned*. He is now without work, without means of getting a living, and his character is

gone. People won't believe in the innocence of the pardoned man. Nor is his case a singular one."

A BOY'S HEAD IN A PARCEL.

A lady in London the other day accosted a boy whom she met, and requested him to take a parcel to Mr. Oliver, of De-Beauvoir Square, with her love, promising, if he made haste, he should have *4d.* in addition to *2d.*, the amount given to him for his trouble. The boy accordingly took the parcel as directed, and on delivering the massage, Mrs. Oliver expressed some surprise. The parcel, upon being opened, was found, to the consternation of all present, to contain the head of a newly-born infant, which had been recently cut off. The parcel was instantly given back, to be returned to the person who sent it. The boy at once proceeded to the spot where he had left the lady, who was nowhere to be found; so he took it to his master, Mr. Davy, a baker, in the Downham-road, who sent it to Mr. Raynor, surgeon of Kingsland-crescent, who communicated all the facts to the police.

SIR ROBERT PEEL IN HOT WATER.

The reader will remember the extracts from Sir Robert Peel's lecture on Russia, given a fortnight since in these columns. The lecture seems to have got him into trouble. The Queen insists on his being dismissed from the Admiralty Board, and Prince de Ligne calls him in retaliation "an underbred puppy," a "blockhead," and a "blackguard." Count Morny has until now remained silent.

A SAMPLE OF POLICE JUSTICE IN LONDON.

While we are complaining of the maladministration of justice in New York, it is well to see how foreigners fare. A householder communicates the following story to the *London Times:*

"A gentleman sitting with two or three friends in his dining-room, is all at once informed by one of his servants that 'somebody is trying the door!' On cautiously listening, he finds that there is something going on at the door, and on issuing suddenly forth collars a man on the door-step. The cook, who has been watching in the area, swears the man so collared is the one who has been engaged for some time 'doing some thing at the door.' The man is given in charge, is recognized by many of the force as a thief and as a companion of thieves. Fortunately, nothing is found upon him but some silver, a pipe, a cigar, and some lucifer matches. The presiding magistrate before whom he is taken this morning is astonished to hear that any one could ever have been locked up on any such charge! 'The man might have been lighting his cigar!' The cook swears to him, the master of the house collars him, and the police recognize him as an old acquaintance; but at ten o'clock at night he is only lighting a cigar at the lock of a street-door. The worthy magistrate is astounded at such a charge being insisted on, and the householder who made it and the policeman who took it are ignominiously dismissed."

FRANCE.

TRIAL OF THE MURDERER OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

The murderer Verger has been tried and condemned to death. The trial was very striking and dramatic. After reading the indictment, which, though short, was as rhetorical as usual, the President of the Court bade the prisoner stand up.

VERGER SAYS HIS IDEA WAS PEACE.

Verger, in a calm tone, and with as cool and collected a manner as if he had been a counsel making a motion in court, said: M. le President, if you will permit me, I have an observation to make.

THE PRESIDENT. You may speak.

THE PRISONER. Gentlemen, nineteen centuries ago a great word was spoken by a man who was more than a man; his name was Jesus Christ. This word was "Pax vobis! Pax omnibus!" And another man whom you love and venerate, and whom I love and venerate with you, repeated this word when he said, "L'Empire c'est la paix!" Now we must understand the sense of this great word—"

THE PRESIDENT. Excuse me: you seem to be going into your defense, and this is not the time.

THE PRISONER. The empire of the sabre is war; the moral empire is peace.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE COURT.

He claimed that his witnesses had not been summoned.

THE PROCUREUR-GENERAL (M. Vaisse). We must not attach more importance to this incident than it deserves. Who will believe that the prisoner has been refused any thing necessary for his defense? We refused to hear his witnesses when we knew of a scandalous libel in which he accuses the most eminent members of the clergy. His list of witnesses is but an abominable libel—

THE PRISONER (in a loud voice). Read it, then, read it.

THE PROCUREUR-GENERAL. It is an abominable libel—a farrago of calumnies.

THE PRISONER (furiously). Read, read, read.

THE PRESIDENT. You spoke, just now, of Christ.

THE PRISONER. Yes, M. le President. I appeal again to his justice, his truth, his goodness, his mercy.

THE PRESIDENT. Enough.

THE PROCUREUR-GENERAL. After having assassinated the Archbishop of Paris, this man would have us permit him to strike with the poniard of calumny the most eminent members of the French clergy, and he asks for time to study his insults.

THE PRISONER (loudly). The defense is not free.

THE PRESIDENT. What do you mean by the defense not being free?

THE PRISONER. What is liberty but the exemption from—

THE PRESIDENT. It is license, doubtless.

THE PRISONER. No, Sir; it is the exemption from physical bonds, from bolts and gens-d'armes; moral bonds are interrogatories such as you would put to me.

THE PRESIDENT. What do you mean? Is not your defense free?

THE PRISONER. It is not free! it is not free! The defense is not free! My life has been passed with the persons that I wish to call.

THE PRESIDENT. Come now, once for all, are you willing to go on with the proceedings?

THE PRISONER (vehemently). I desire that my witnesses should be heard.

HE SAYS HE WILL ANSWER NOT A WORD.

His objection having been overruled, the case proceeded.

M. Nogent Saint Laurens rose and begged his client to calm himself. He would reserve to himself the right to call further witnesses if, in the course of the trial, he should see occasion to do so.

The PRISONER—(interruptingly)—My honorable defender, I can not concede to you what I refuse to the Court. I maintain my demand, and I desire that it may be executed.

The Court here retired to deliberate upon the prisoner's application to postpone the trial, and returned in a few minutes, when the President announced that the application was rejected.

The PRESIDENT.—Verger, rise and answer my questions.

The PRISONER—(resolutely)—I will answer nothing. It is moral violence.

FRENCH STYLE OF CROSS-EXAMINATION.

The PRESIDENT.—Sit down, then. Usher, call the first witness.

Cormont, a sergeant de ville, deposed that he was in the Church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont when the Archbishop was murdered. He saw the prisoner stab the Archbishop. He assisted in arresting the man, and heard him cry, "*A bas les deesses!*"

The PRISONER.—I have been ill-treated. I have a reproach to make against this witness. I was horribly beaten and kicked. Such an arrest is not moral. [Laughter.]

The President here pointed to the bloody poniard, and asked the prisoner whether he recognized it?

The PRISONER.—Yes, Sir; that is the instrument I used.

Guillot, a huissier, heard the prisoner cry. "*A bas les deesses!* and saw him brandish the poinard.

Madame Laine, the woman who lets out chairs in the church, saw the prisoner sitting on the third row. The Archbishop gave his benediction, and then she saw the prisoner strike him. She thought at first that he had given a blow with his fist.

The PRISONER.—The evidence of this lady is of no importance. I must remark, that according to Jesus Christ no money ought to be paid in a Church, but she made me pay ten centimes for the chair. I hope the money may profit her soul. [Sensation.]

HE CALLS THE CLERGY PHARISEES AND SCOUNDRELS.

Reference having been made to a letter written by the prisoner, he made some exclamation.

THE PRESIDENT. Verger, what did you say?

THE PRISONER. I have to say that I am an enemy of the present clergy, just as Jesus Christ was the enemy of the Pharisees. I am an enemy to all that is pharisaical. I demand that the letter be read.

THE PROCUREUR. That is unnecessary.

THE PRISONER. Spectators, see how they refuse me every thing—physical violence, moral violence.

M. Legentil proved the circumstances relating to the prisoner's conduct at Meaux.

THE PRISONER. I defended with all my might a man who was unjustly condemned by the Court of Assize for poisoning.

THE PRESIDENT. You alone possess the supreme science! You pretend to know that men are innocent who are condemned by the justice of their country!

THE PRISONER (emphatically). Yes, yes. Read my *Colin Maillard* (a pamphlet written by the prisoner). People (turning to the audience), ask to have that read. Public, ask my brother for the book; he will give it you.

The Vicar-General of Meaux stated the facts which led to the interdiction of the prisoner.

THE PRISONER (to the witness). You are a scoundrel.

The President exhorted the prisoner to be moderate.

HE CALLS AN ABBÉ A PAGAN.

The Abbé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois deposed: I received a letter from Verger, in which he threatened to dishonor me, as well as the manes of a person who was dear to me, and whom I had lost.

THE PRISONER. You are a pagan to say manes. That is paganism—do you hear?

The prisoner here said that the witness had not stated what they both knew very well about the Bishop of Evreux—

THE PRESIDENT. Stop! stop!

THE PRISONER (raising his voice). Nor about the Bishop of Soissons. [Movement of indignation in the audience.]

THE PRESIDENT. Hold your tongue and sit down.

THE PRISONER. Audience, you see I am not free. Gentlemen of the Jury, I am not free.

THE PRESIDENT. You are not free to slander, and you shall not.

AND THE WHOLE COURT A SET OF WRETCHES.

The President read a letter from the prisoner asking pardon of the curé for his faults.

At this stage of the proceedings the prisoner became more violent than ever. He declared that only garbled letters were read against him, and loudly demanded that every thing should be read. He sat down and rose up repeatedly, with furious gestures, and called the curé a "Miserable! miserable!"

THE PRESIDENT. Prisoner, by virtue of my discretionary power, I shall send you out of court, and proceed with the trial in your absence.

THE PRISONER. *La parole ou la guillotine.* I am afraid of nothing. I will brave death as I brave this tribunal. You are a set of wretches. I fear God alone.

The President ordered the gens-d'armes to take the prisoner away. He resisted, and cried, "Help, people: people, defend me!" A cry here arose from the audience, "No, no; you are an assassin, an assassin," and the prisoner was dragged away from the bar amidst a scene such as was probably never before witnessed in a court of justice. The court then adjourned for a short time.

HE IS TURNED OUT OF COURT.

After the evidence for the prosecution was concluded, the President called on the Procureur-General for his *requisitoire* or speech to the jury. The Procureur-General began by saying that he had really no *requisitoire* to pronounce: he was not able to master his emotions.

The prisoner here exclaimed: "You tremble, Sir, you tremble, finding yourself opposed to such an adversary as I am. Yes, I am your adversary in every thing. You shall not speak. You have prevented me from speaking, and I will prevent you." After vain attempts to make the prisoner conduct himself decently, the Court, on the motion of the Procureur-General, pronounced a decree reciting that the prisoner had, by incessant clamors and insults, obstructed the course of justice; and ordering that, by virtue of Articles 9, 10, and 12 of the law of September 25, 1855, he should be removed from Court, the trial proceeding in his absence.

The prisoner suffered himself to be taken away quietly.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

His counsel, M. Nogent, pleaded insanity. The jury, after twenty minutes' reflection, brought in a verdict of Guilty, and the Court sentenced him to death.

A ROYAL HISTORIAN.

"The affair," says *Galignani*, "relative to the autograph manuscript of the late King Louis Philippe, entitled, *Continuation de l'Histoire Généalogique et Chronologique de la Maison Royale de France, des Pairs, &c.*, which excited so much attention last summer, has come on again before the Civil Tribunal. It may be remembered that the late King, when Duke of Orleans, occupied his leisure hours in writing the continuation of the history in question, which, having been commenced by a monk named Father Anselme, was only brought down to some years preceding the great revolution. After his accession to the throne, the King had little or no time to devote to the continuation of the work, but he carefully preserved the manuscript which he had prepared, and had it bound into three volumes. In the revolution of February, 1848, the volumes disappeared from the Palace of the Tuileries, and nothing was heard of them until last summer, when a person named Vallette offered on certain conditions three volumes of the King's manuscripts to the royal family of Orleans. He was called on to produce one of the volumes, and to say how they came into his possession, but he refused to do either. On the 7th of August, on the application of all the sons, grandchildren, sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law of the late King, authority to seize the volumes was granted by the President of the Civil Tribunal. The seizure was effected on the 9th, in the residence of Vallette. On the 21st, on the application of the advocate of the Orleans family, the volumes, which were in the custody of an officer of the Tribunal, were ordered to be given up to them. To this application, at the moment, M. Vallette made no opposition, but he subsequently put in an opposition, and it was to obtain a decision thereon that the matter came before the Civil Tribunal. The advocate of the Orleans family contended that M. Vallette could not have come by the manuscripts honestly. M. Vallette's advocate argued that the papers possessed by his client did not consist of the volumes taken from the Tuileries, but of the original rough notes, which had been put into some person's hands to copy, and so had come, in a perfectly honest manner, into the possession of M. Vallette. The tribunal postponed the case for a week, to hear the reply of the Orleans party and to give judgment.

THE BABY HAS A COLD IN ITS HEAD.

Paris was shocked to hear, on the 19th ult., that *the* baby had a cold in its head, and experienced difficulty in breathing through its nose. Orleanist and Legitimist stock rose, and the diplomatic body to a man left their cards at the palace. On the 20th, the *Moniteur*, the official paper of the empire, admitted the obstruction in the imperial baby nose, but denied that the event possessed dynastic importance. The Napoleonists were much relieved by the announcement.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE OPERA.

A very well-known Paris lady, of remarkable eccentricity, went to the opera the other day in a dress of even unusual scantiness. She was with a female friend, in a box near the stage, and her dress was so low that, as far as the spectators were concerned, it might almost as well have been no dress at all. This roused the indignation of the public; the pit stood up in a mass; the men threw their handkerchiefs to the too charming beauty, and cried with Molière's Tartuffe,

"Cachez ce sein que je ne saurais voir."

"But all was in vain, till at last a Commissary of Police appeared at the door of the box and desired the fair "exhibitioners" to effect a prudent retreat. They boldly and obstinately refused to comply, and as soldiers meddle now, in France, with every kind of business, some warriors on duty were called in, and had to remove the two ladies.

THE CASE OF MR. MOREY.

An inquiry has been instituted into the case of this gentleman, who was killed by the guard at Clichy. The French authorities exculpate the soldier, but express great regret at the occurrence, and offer to give Madame Morey a pension for life. When, twenty-two years ago, an accidental shot from an American frigate killed six French sailors, the Government of the United States settled upon their families twice the usual French pension. It is hoped that in this instance the Emperor will display equal liberality.

AN AUTHOR MULCTS HIS PUBLISHERS.

It is usually regarded as a benefit to illustrate an author's books. But in Paris the contrary seems to be the rule. Alexandre Dumas has, within the last few days, obtained a judgment from one of the courts, to the effect that one of the principal Paris publishers shall pay him a sum exceeding £8000 in English money, for having, in violation of agreements between them in reprinting certain of his works, produced a greater number of copies than he was entitled to do, and having improperly brought out illustrated editions of others. Large as this sum is, it is only about one-fourth of what Dumas thought himself warranted in claiming. On the other hand, a counter-action, brought by the publisher against the author, to obtain from him some £12,000 for alleged breach of sundry agreements, was dismissed, though on one point Dumas was ordered to pay him a petty sum.

RUSSIA.

A POLISH COUNT MARRIED VI ET ARMIS.

Some eighteen months ago, Miss Ward, a young lady from the Southern States, fell in, at Florence, with a Polish Count, whom she married.

After living with Miss Ward maritally for three weeks, the Count took French leave one fine morning, carrying off his wife's jewelry as booty. A letter left behind informed Miss Ward of a fact of which she had been till that moment entirely ignorant, to wit: that any Russian marriage not according to the service recognized by the Greek Church and the Russian Government, was invalid and not binding, and that the service which united them resembling in no wise the one required, they were as free as if no service had been performed. The consternation of Miss Ward and her family at this delectable piece of villainy may well be imagined; for on inquiry they found the Count's statement was but too true.

The lady's family laid a petition before the Emperor of Russia, praying for the rehabilitation of her honor by a marriage with the Count.

The moment the case was laid before the Emperor, an order was issued to the Russian Minister at Naples (where the Count was then living), to confer with the Neapolitan Government with a view to his arrest. The Neapolitan Government, which was just then in great favor with Russia, yielded at once to the request. The Count was seized by the Neapolitan police, and at Russia's expense was conducted to the Russian frontier; there he was received by the Russian police and carried to Warsaw. The Wards were already there, awaiting his arrival. The Count was marched into the church by a *posse* of policemen, and was compelled to stand up before the altar and marry Miss Ward in due form. When the ceremony was concluded, his wife, now legally the Countess of ——, made him a formal bow, and bade him adieu forever.

The Count, who was an exile, was sent to Siberia, his property was confiscated, the Countess retaining by law one-third. The family immediately left again for Italy, where they are spending the winter. The father and brother of Miss Ward were present at the marriage at Warsaw with revolvers in their pockets, determined, if there was any flinching on the part of the Count to blow his brains out. For in view of the fact that he was destined to Siberia under any circumstances, it was feared that he might not at the last moment pronounce the necessary word.

ITALY.

THE EMPEROR'S TOUR A FAILURE.

It seems now generally admitted that the Emperor's tour through Italy has been a failure. His reception at Milan was very discouraging. A numerous crowd thronged the streets, but it was silent. The Emperor was cheered on four occasions; first, before the eastern gate, where hisses mingled with the applause; before the Dario, where the government employés had assembled; before the palace of Princess Semailoff; and before the Hotel de Ville. At the theatre the public consisted of the military, functionaries, rustics, men, and women—these individuals replacing for the occasion the Milanese public. The administration had insisted upon having the keys of the palaces—abandoned, under various pretexts, by the proprietors—and installed their soldiers, employés, and their families, and some other spectators of a lesser grade. At the official presentation not more than one hundred persons were present; the Milanese nobility were absent almost to a man.

THE EXPLOSION OF A FRIGATE.

The frigate *Carlo Terzo* blew up the other evening in the harbor of Naples. The explosion is said to have been fearful. The royal family were at the San Carlo at the time, and the violence of the shock having put out the lights, people rushed forth in the dark, uttering exclamations of terror. A large part of the city also was struck with sudden darkness; carriages and cavalry soldiers dashed wildly to and fro. Cries of "Fui! fui!" were heard in some directions. Thousands of windows were broken. The Queen, who is near her confinement, fainted; and the *Commandante* of the *Carlo Terzo*, on hearing the explosion in the streets, nearly fell to the ground in something bordering on an apoplectic stroke. The boats of the English ship *Malacca* were instantly ordered out, and were making for the scene of the disaster in five minutes. Twenty-five of the crew of the unfortunate frigate were taken off by them, and expressed their gratitude by kissing the hands and feet of their preservers. Preparations were made on board the *Malacca* for the reception and surgical treatment of the wounded; but those who were saved happened not to be hurt. Notwithstanding this, there have not been wanting hints that the catastrophe was caused by the English.—A Naples correspondent of the *Nord* states that, just before the explosion on board the steamer *Charles III.*, a loud voice was heard, crying, "To the bow and the stern all who wish to save themselves!"

TORTURE OF THE MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL THE KING.

It has now leaked out that Milano, the soldier who tried to assassinate the King, was tortured before execution. The manner of the torture was as follows: He was stripped, bound hand and foot, and hung to a beam with his head downward; he was tormented in this position for two hours, burning wisps of straw being held under his head. He was also bound and hung up by the ears, causing him the most agonizing pains in the head and ears; and the ground beneath him was covered with burning coals, so that with his bare feet he could not stand. He was also tortured with alternate applications of cold and boiling water, and his shoulder-bones were pulled out of joint with ropes tied to the arms. Lastly, he was scourged; and those who saw his naked body declare that the skin was blackened, with green and yellow marks upon it, hideous to behold.

TURKEY.

HOW THE FRENCH ARE BELOVED AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

On 27th December, the students of a military school at Constantinople, all, of course, young Turkish infidels, broke into the French burial-ground and destroyed a number of crosses placed over the tombs of the soldiers buried there. The official journal, while it is anxious to speak of the act as emanating from children of twelve or fourteen years of age, takes great pains to impress upon its readers that in consequence several Turkish officers have been sent to prison for the act of their pupils, besides some of the pupils themselves, while "*à tous les autres, les peines disciplinaires les plus fortes,*" have been applied, and that the Director, "*en uniforme,*" went himself to M. Thouvenel, the embassador, to make an apology.

SPAIN.

A MAN SHOOTS AT THE FINANCE MINISTER AND TAKES OFF HIS OWN EAR.

A letter-writer from Madrid describing the late attempt on the life of Señor Barzallanana, Minister of Finance, says that he had lately dismissed many office-holders from their posts. Well, one poor office-holder got turned out of his nest, who, it seems, is the father of a family of four children, and has a respectable lady for a wife. This poor devil, in his despair, took two pistols in his pockets and went, as Señor Barzallanana came down the big staircase of the Finance Department, and snapped one in his face. The cap exploded, but the charge did not. The Minister, however, was a good deal frightened, and fell rolling down the stairs. Then the ex-office-holder put the other pistol to his own head and blew off one of his ears. So he was left without his office and without his ear; but he got lodgings that night in the Saladero prison, and the Minister has already recovered from his headache, but that of the poor ex-office-ex-ear-holder still continues. So the justice of Heaven is displayed even in the Spanish Finance Department.

THE WAY THEY GET RID OF OBNOXIOUS POLITICIANS.

General Prim has for some time been obnoxious to the French party and Narvaez. The French minister accordingly asked him to a ball. Prim took his boned turkey and refreshments toward four o'clock in the morning, alongside of the Ministers of the Cabinet and other distinguished guests; then took pleasant leave of the embassador's hospitable halls, expecting, doubtless, to get through the process of digestion in his own bed. But as he set foot in the street he found two officers of the Civil Guard, who politely requested him to take a seat with them in a post-chaise which the government had provided for his especial use. Mr. Prim was disconsolate, but there was no remedy. So the valiant general was whipped off on the road to Toledo, in the cool of the morning, in his white neck-cloth, straw-colored gloves, and patent-leather boots. The said post-chaise is reported to have drawn up in the court-yard of the Castle at Toledo; but others say that it will soon continue its journey to Cadiz, where the general will be invited to embark for the Canary Islands.

COUNTESS MONTIJO SMUGGLES A NEW WIG.

The Countess, mother of the Empress Eugenie, has just obtained a new wig from Paris. To save the duty, the article was sent into Spain as "dispatches," and the Marquis Turgot, the Plenipotentiary, carried it in his pocket to the residence of the Countess.

CUBA.

THE CREOLES DEFENDING AN AMERICAN.

A little incident has just taken place at Havana, which seems to indicate a very friendly feeling toward Americans on the part of the native Cubans. Captain Cain, of the schooner *Frank A. Hall*, in company with a passenger, seated himself on a chair in the square, opposite the residence of the Captain General, to hear the music. In a few minutes he arose to take a promenade around the square; but scarcely had he proceeded a dozen feet when he was rudely grasped by the arm by the boy-keeper of the chairs, who demanded in Spanish for him to pay the value of the chair he had broken. Unable to understand the least word of the language, he asked some persons near him what was required from him. Some one understanding English told him the boy wanted payment for the chair he had broken; thereupon several Cubans, who were sitting within a few inches, jumped up and in Spanish denied the charge of the broken chair. A crowd of several hundred was now formed, and, disregarding a ravishing air from the band, entered upon the subject with great warmth, and told the captain not to mind what any one said, but place himself under their protection.

The Captain was taken by the arm by several Cubans, who said, "Do not mind this boy, but walk round the square like a gentleman." The boy went for a watchman, who tapped the captain's shoulder, and said, in Spanish, what was equivalent to "come with me." The Cubans, who had now become excited, told him to mind his business, and to go away, or they would kick him. Captain Cain, though charged with a misdemeanor he was not guilty of, yet seeing the crowd increase and getting more excited, put his hand in his pocket to pay any amount asked. The Cubans prevented him, decidedly, positively—"Capitaine, do not; go with us."

They joined arms with him, and proceeded to the Commissary's office, who being absent, they all went into Dominick's Hotel. They had scarcely been there any length of time, when the boy, who had dogged them all the way, came in with the Commissary himself. He was a true Spaniard. He saw in the captain an American, and without lifting his eyes afterward, in the most positive and arbitrary manner commanded payment, notwithstanding a universal remonstrance from every Cuban present. He was inflexible, whereupon Mr. Dominick and several Cubans (no Americans present offered to pay) volunteered to settle the matter. The Commissary refused to take the money from any except the captain, but the pertinacity of the officer was equaled by Mr. ——, who insisted on paying himself, which he did.

CHINA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The Chinese have fired and destroyed the hongs or foreign factories; and it is expected that the British will not spare the town of Canton. Nothing seems to be expected from the humanity or common sense of the viceroy Yeh. He is said to be one of the most odious and cruel men that it is possible to meet with, and has a system of his own. He keeps a certain number of the most wretched kind of paupers, whom he feeds, and every time that an audacious act of robbery is committed—too weak and cowardly himself to dare to arrest the assassins—he takes a dozen of these paupers, beheads them, and then writes to the emperor that a frightful crime has been committed, but that the act has immediately met its reward, and the authors, arrested by him, have been punished with death. He is said to have caused the death of 70,000 persons during his governorship.

NICARAGUA.

BRITISH INTERFERENCE.

On 16th January, a boat was lowered from H. B. M. ship *Cossack*, and a British officer and party of men landed at Punta Arenas, and offered British protection to such of the filibuster party under Lockridge as desired to claim it. Ten men stepped forward, and were conducted to the English ship. A General Wheat made a fine speech, pitching into the English in reference to New Orleans, and Colonel Lockridge addressed the following spunky letters to the captain of the *Orion*.

PUNTA ARENAS, *Jan.* 16, 1857.

SIR,—Your communication of this date has been received. I yield to your demands, because I know you have the means of enforcing them, but had I one-third your force I *would not* yield.

Yours respectfully, S. A. LOCKRIDGE.

To JOHN E. ERSKINE, H. B. M. ship *Orion*.

THE PROTEST.

In the above was inclosed the following protest:

PUNTA ARENAS, *Jan.* 16, 1857.

SIR,—Your communication of this date has been received, requesting the immediate surrender of such British subjects as may be found at this Emigrant Dépôt, accompanied by a threat to enforce your orders unless complied with. In answer, I have to say that your officers shall be allowed to take such subjects as they may find, at the same time reserving to myself, as Emigrant Agent for the Republic of Nicaragua, the right to *protest*, as I now solemnly do, against so high-handed an interference in the affairs of Nicaragua. (Signed).

Very respectfully, S. A. LOCKRIDGE.

To JOHN E. ERSKINE, H. B. M. ship *Orion*.

AMERICAN INTERFERENCE.

Meanwhile the trials of the "filibusters" have gone on from day to day here—all parties appearing to understand that it is merely a farce kept up for form's sake. The average dullness of the proceedings was relieved by the offer of the filibusters' counsel to produce a letter franked by the President, and written by his private secretary, such letter showing that Mr. Pierce was interested in the Kinney grant. The fact appears to be that Mr. Sidney Webster once had an interest in that grant, but that he got rid of it when the company got into difficulties.

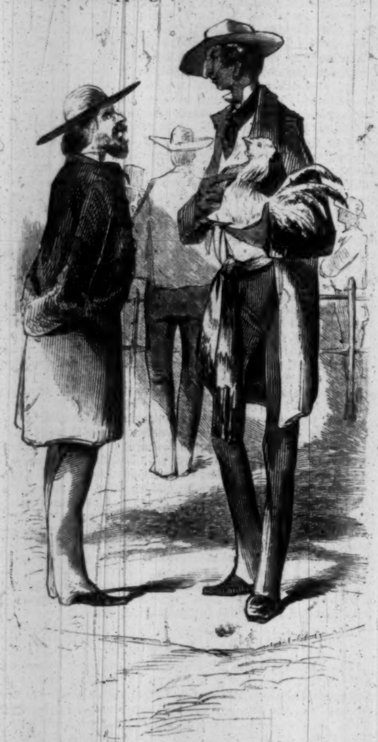
A TRAMP THROUGH THE BACKWOODS OF COSTA RICA.

I HAD been in San José some four months—had eaten tortillas and garlic, drunk cocoa and *chicha*, danced, and I must own *gambled*, until I was heartily tired of all these amusements.

San José, I ought to say, is the capital, chief commercial place, and nearly the geographical centre of the little State of Costa Rica. As a town, it is remarkably modest and unpretending. I fancy the lamented Diogenes would have been highly pleased with it. Could he visit it, he would, doubtless, advert in glowing terms to the modest simplicity of its architecture (the houses have neither glazed windows nor planked floors, and the only church-steeple in the place stands in a little square *alongside* of the church, of which it is supposed to form a part), and would go into ecstacies over the pleasing plainness displayed by the natives in matters of dress (some folks would call it *un*-dress).

There is an inscription over one of the church-doors, which I used to think ought to be put over the town—as the only reasonable excuse for its lack of beauty: *Esta es casa de Dios, casa de oracion*—NO DE VANITADES. This is a house of God—a house of prayer—*not of vanity*. Certainly no one would accuse the little place or its inhabitants of vanity.

I owned above that I had gambled. I know that the respectable reader will hold up his hands, and turn up his eyes at such an avowal, and will, straightway, give me over to "Jimmy Squarefoot." But what is a man to do? There was no library that *I* could get at, no hunting-ground, no chance for quiet or unquiet excitement of any kind in the town or its neighborhood. You can't go on for ever munching tortillas, or sipping cocoa. The *Señoritas* are neither good-looking nor intelligent, and the cigars are too abominably bad for a Virginian of refined taste.



DON JUAN BATISTA BONILLA.

The market on Saturdays, the occasional masquerades and processions, the queer rejoicings at the funeral of an infant—all these, of course, helped to while away the time. But then there was a very large portion left, which neither theatre nor church-going could make way with. And so, you see, I naturally enough dropped into a cock-pit one day to see the sport.

The cock-pit is the only legal gambling-house in San José. It is under the protection of the Government, which draws a part of its receipts into the public treasury. It is the most democratic place even in this democratic country. Here, the most flea-bitten beggar of them all ventures his *real* or *medio*, and is for the time hail-fellow-well-met with the wealthiest man in the land. Here, Don José Joaquin Mora, brother of the President of the Republic and General of its army of ragamuffins, daily wins or loses a goodly number of *pesos*. And to this old broken-down house in the *Calle de Carcel*, all the *Dons* and *Señors*, *Mandadores* and *Peones*, who can raise the necessary *medio*, entrance fee, flock, on Sunday morning, to have their sluggish Castilian blood stirred by the game.

It's no use to describe a cock-fight. Every body has seen amateur performances of the kind. And the regular fighter differs in nothing from the militia man, his brother, except in a little better training and superior equipment. There was a character, however, among the men who owned and trained the cocks, whom I must say something about. Don Juan Batista Bonilla—that was his name. Fancy a long, thin, meagre figure, with sharp features, and an enormous hooked nose, a deep voice, an austere countenance, a solemn gait, and a scrupulously clean shirt. What is the use of description? Fancy Don Quixote returned to life, and gone mad on the subject of fighting-cocks, and you have Don Juan B. Bonilla before you. When I saw him I involuntarily cast my eyes beyond him in search of trusty Sancho. But the Squire was not there. The Knight—he was every inch a most undoubted Knight—was walking up to the pit with a pet rooster in his arms. It was easy to see that this was his hobby. Talk to him upon any of the few matters of the day, and he would reply in monosyllables, or would speak of them only as they bore on his favorite subject. Talk of the crops, and he would hope they would turn out well, that his birds might have their *crops* full. The weather?—he hoped it would be fair, as he desired on the morrow to introduce a new cock. The general prosperity of the nation?—the only way to judge of that was by the amount of money bet on the favorite bird of the day. His whole world—all of time and space—centred about that dirty pit in the *Calle de Carcel*.

CUTTING THROUGH.

The old man amused me, and so I made his acquaintance. He took a grave, sober kind of pleasure in showing me the good points of fighting-birds; and I profited by his instructions by one day winning a few *pesos* from my instructor. Don Quixote did not even smile, but handed over the stakes with the same serene gravity with which, in his former state of existence, he would, doubtless, have handed over a rescued damsel to her friends.

I have no doubt it was Satan himself who tempted me to this first bet, and allowed me to win it. Jingling the half dozen *pesos* in my pocket, I walked up to the pit, and called aloud a heavier bet on my favorite bird. It was taken. I won; and Don José Mora paid me over half a dozen pieces of eight. To win of Don José, the chief of all the pit frequenters of Costa Rica, was an honor not vouchsafed every day to a stranger; and, of course, the *Americano*, the Virginian, at once rose high in the popular esteem. Not higher, however, than he stood in his own. From this day I was a regular frequenter of the pit; and in a week's time had lost all my ready money except about a hundred *pesos*, prudently held in reserve, and was indebted to various individuals to the amount of several hundred dollars more.

These being debts of honor, I judged it right that my friends should trust in my honor to pay them; and finding a longer stay in San José tedious, I started off one night for the not-far-distant German colony of Angostura. The road is straight, and for this country not so bad. I had a good rifle and a tolerably good mule, and so got to Angostura without difficulty.

If San José is tame, this place is certainly unbearable. There were not half a dozen houses erected at the time of my visit. The site for the settlement was evidently chosen more for its beautiful scenery than for any advantages it had for the farmer or the merchant. The whole is yet a wilderness—a deep, silent, almost motionless forest. Very few animals seem to frequent the woods. I shot only a few monkeys and parrots on my way thither, and, had I not grown tolerably used to native living, and accustomed my stomach to fare which more civilized people would little relish, I should have gone hungry.

I got to Angostura on the second day after leaving San José, having camped out one night on the road, with my blanket around me, my feet to the fire, and my revolver and *chicha* bottle under my head, in the regular hunter style. On the day after my arrival a party were to start on an exploring expedition toward the east coast, through a forest which it was said had never been penetrated by civilized men. This smacked of adventure, and I, finding the expenses moderate and my company seemingly welcome, at once concluded to go along.

The real object of the expedition was to ascertain the practicability of a straight line road between Angostura and the port of Limon, on the Atlantic coast, a distance, as the bird flies, of not more than thirty miles. Of course, as our journey was to be through primitive forests, it was necessary that we should be tolerably extensively provided with provisions and protections against the weather. It was supposed that we should require at least two weeks to reach our goal; and for fear of accidents and unforeseen detentions, the expedition was furnished with corn meal, rice, coffee, beans, and *aguadiente* in quantities sufficient to last twenty days.

Our party numbered in all thirty-two men. Of these the greater portion were *peones*—bearers of the needed provision and camp equipage—and axe-men, to clear the way. The head man was a German engineer, who started upon this tour with such an amount of luggage as at once proved to me that *he* was not the man to engineer us safely through many difficulties. He had at least a dozen suits of clothes. He had an India-rubber cloth tent, big and heavy enough for an elephant to carry. He had numberless contrivances for comforting his outer and inner man, all clumsy to a laughable degree. And last—I could scarcely believe my eyes—he had actually an *iron bedstead*, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, which, of course, formed a load for several of the *peones*.

THE DELIVERANCE.

Two German travelers and savans, with myself, made up the balance of our staff. These gentlemen were better fitted for traveling, but were encumbered with diverse instruments, such as a barometer and thermometer, which they bore about with great care and admirable patience. As for myself, I was prepared to rough it, and had provided myself with a square strip of rubber cloth as a protection against the rain, a hammock to sling beneath this cover, a supply of ammunition and tobacco, and my usual revolver and rifle.

It had been a matter of some difficulty to raise men for the expedition—the natives seeing but little charm in adventure, and standing in unwholesome dread of the wild beasts and wilder Indians said to inhabit the forest. Nevertheless, our leaders were able, with the help of extra pay and large doses of *aguadiente* or *chicha*, to inspire the party with some degree of enthusiasm, and we marched out with many loud boasts of what we would effect; the *peones* shouting, "*Mejor morir que volver sin ir à Limon!*" expressive of a determination to die on the way rather than fail in attaining the object of the expedition.

Well, we started. The *machete*-men first, to clear the way, encumbered with vines and underbrush; next the bearers; and finally the four men for whom the others labored.

I dare say the reader, inexperienced in the difficulties of tropical woodcraft, will wonder that it should take a party of men two weeks to make a distance of fifty or even eighty miles. I judged myself that ten days would be abundantly sufficient to accomplish our purpose, but was fortunate in laying in a stock of tobacco which lasted at least three weeks. Without this I could never have undergone what I did.

The first few days were totally eventless. We

AN INDIAN CACIQUE.

broke up our camp at daylight in the morning (6 o'clock), got under way about seven, and traveled along a narrow and oft-obstructed path till the diurnal rain began, when we encamped for the balance of the twenty-four hours. It was a poor, dull life. The laborers had too little spirit to enliven the scene with song or story. They toiled onward, dull and silent. My German fellow-adventurers, on the other hand, were too intent on making good headway, and keeping their pipes lit and their mathematical and topographical instruments intact, to talk much. They took notes of the simplest occurrences, with a Pickwickian exactness and diffuseness. Although never attempting to shoot any thing (except the sun), they were veritable Nimrods in imagination; and when our little party were gathered about the evening fire, were delighted, and I fear sometimes too credulous listeners to aggravated stories of hunting adventure told by one of their associates.

In seven days we had made about half the distance between Angostura and the coast, and on the morning of that day beheld from the top of a high peak the far-distant Atlantic. It was a sight good for the almost despairing *peones*, who had already for some days been suffering under attacks of home-sickness.

Up to this time nothing had occurred to break the monotony of the trip. Except monkeys, parrots, pigeons, and some smaller birds, we found no game. The *carpenterio* (called so from the sound he utters, which very much resembles the blows of an axe), the blacksmith bird, with *his* anvil-like ring, the shrill scream of the parrots—these were the sounds which awoke us in the morning, accompanied us through the day, and lulled us to sleep at night.

I don't know either about being lulled to sleep by such noises. There was one abomina-

ble beast whose groans, screams, snarls, shrieks, and howls would drive sleep from almost any eyelids. This was the *mono colorado*—the congo or howling ape—an ugly creature, of a color between brick-dust and common dirt, a long beard, and a most fearful power of lungs. A man don't sleep the first night he is exposed to the influences of a congo-concert. But a very few days of forest experience hardens one's auricular nerves against the attacks of even this unmusical howler.

The rain sometimes prevented us from cooking, causing doleful groans from the engineer. Sometimes it came on so suddenly as to give us no time even for spreading our tents, or gaining shelter of any kind. In such cases, of course, the *peones* suffered most. To be wet through by a rain in the tropics is apt to bring on instant and general debility, followed by fever. No one attempts to travel during the continuance of a shower, and exposure to its drenchings is carefully avoided. It was not surprising, therefore, that, on waking up on the morning of the ninth day, we found several of our *peones* sick. Some fever bark was administered in doses of brandy, and this proved generally efficacious in stopping, for a time at least, the progress of disease. But it became evident that most of our party were now so far disheartened as to make them more than usually impressible to the evil influences of the weather. Several complained during the day, and finally, on camping at night, within sound of a stream whose rippling waters emptied themselves into ocean, the *peones*, to my astonishment, declared their wish to turn back homeward.

Another day spent in vain attempts to reach the river, whose ripple we plainly heard, the gleam of whose waters we even saw, but from whose shores we were held back by a seemingly

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE RAINY SEASON.

impenetrable jungle—one more day, and then it was determined to give up the trip and start upon the return.

It is perhaps needless to specify the different reasons why this determination was particularly unwelcome to the present writer. Circumstances which had occurred at San José just before my departure thence, made it rather an object to me to widen the space between myself and that tedious place. When, therefore, it was announced to me that we must return, I asked for my share of the remaining provisions, and freely expressed my determination to *go ahead*—alone, if necessary; with company, if such could be obtained. A *peon*, whose spirit of adventure was stirred by my declaration of independence, ranged himself on my side. And, after several vain attempts on the part of my companions to prevail on me to accompany them, they turned their faces westward, and left us alone to our fate.

As it was no part of my ambition to establish an air-line connection between Angostura and Limon—as I cared little whether I reached Limon or some other port on the coast—and, finally, as the river would afford, doubtless, the easiest mode of transport to the sea-side, we at once made tracks in that direction. With our *machetes* we were actually obliged to hew ourselves a path through the dense jungle. Torn by thorns and briars, with our hands and feet bleeding, and our garments in tatters, we reached, toward nightfall, the shores of the stream. It was a day of some desperate adventures. Heretofore our progress had been not only slow but cautious, and our *machetemen*, fearful of serpents, prudently beat the bush before they cut it. We had no time for such trifling, but hewed our way through snakes and all. We had not advanced five yards from the camp

INDIAN VILLAGE.

when José Velasquez ran toward me, with terror-swollen eyes, to say that there was a tremendous serpent in front. His (the serpent's, not José's) head I cut off at one clip. He was stupefied with an overdose of congo, having—so I judged from an immense swelling about the region of his stomach—recently swallowed one of these howlers. We did not stop to measure his length nor diameter, for there were more of the same sort not far off—a fact of which we were made aware by the agonized howling and chattering of a family of monkeys, among whom the relatives of our late victim were making a sad inroad. We shot two serpents, and then let fly a volley of small-shot at the monkeys, which last was productive of a shower of rotten sticks.

It was night ere we reached the river-bank. We had in the course of the day killed six serpents, a dozen or more monkeys, of various sizes and degrees of impudence, and a *waree*, or wild hog. The last was slain within sight of the water, and off its haunches José and I breakfasted and dined next day. For supper, we were content with a crust of tortilla and divers pulls at a brandy-flask. Of course there was no tent nor hammock to-night. We thought ourselves lucky in the possession of a ragged blanket; and, rolled in this, with my feet exposed to the genial blaze of a large fire, and my head pillowed on a stump, I sank to sleep.

I suppose it was about two o'clock in the morning when I was startled out of my nap by a shrieking, so loud, so discordant, so fiendish, so agonizingly human at times, as to make my hair stand on end, and my blood to curdle with terror. The forest seemed alive with beasts; the welkin "rang again" with ten thousand noises of the night, each one louder and more disagreeable than its predecessor. There was no more sleep for me that night. I lay still by the renovated fire, smoking my pipe and listening to the infernal concert. It seemed as though an animal *Sang-verein* had met, and was performing for a wager. José woke up toward morning; and then I learned that the uproar of the preceding night was, after all, nothing more than an aggravated attack of the congo music, to mild doses of which I had sometimes been used.

Well, we were at the water-side. How to get farther was a problem for the solution of which I thought proper to call together all the wisdom available. José "did not know." That was a complaint which was chronic in his constitution. He was, in all respects, a most undeniable Know-Nothing. He knew nothing about the woods, knew nothing about the water, knew nothing of canoe building, nor canoe paddling, nor canoe hauling-up. He could not shoot, nor could he swim. But he had a most unlimited confidence in *me*, and was convinced that I could do any and all of these things—a conviction which afforded him a good deal more comfort than it did me.

We cooked and ate our breakfast—a nice roast monkey (it looks very much like roast child till you get used to it) and a haunch of wild hog. Of tortillas we had but few, and these were prudently held in reserve. After breakfast a council of war was called, in which, I presiding, it was moved, seconded, and unanimously carried: *First*, That to get down the river some kind of vessel was absolutely necessary; *Second*, That to *construct* a canoe would require too long a time—leaving out of consideration the fact that we did not know how; *Third*, That it would, under the circumstances, be advisable to build a *raft*, on which the members of the council might possibly float downstream toward the outposts of civilization; *Fourthly*, That said raft ought to be started on its way as soon as possible.

Whereupon the council adjourned, and took, first, a drink; then a smoke; and then two *machetes*, with which (the *machetes*) we straightway began to fell sundry young trees, designed for the afore-mentioned raft.

Now there was one business at which José thought himself an expert—that was cutting down saplings. Accordingly he set to work and felled one, which in its descent felled me, and gave my shins such a peeling as they had not had since the days when we schoolboys used playfully to rap each other over the trowser-legs with shinny clubs. I am not sufficient of a phrenologist to know what bump it is that gives the faculty of strengthening the language; but I have observed that there seems to exist an intimate connection between the cuticle of the human shin and the afore-mentioned organ; an injury to the former causing invariably an instantaneous excitement of the latter, and an almost irrepressible desire to give utterance to large quantities of "the unmitigated Anglo-Saxon."

I was refreshing myself, and calming the excited bump by sundry utterances, "not loud, but deep," when there came down the stream a most wonderful hallooing.

"Eh! paisano? amigo! hombre! John! Pork and molassy!" shouted a coarse voice; and presently a canoe—a real canoe, with a real, live, ragged, naked, grinning Indian in it—shot out of the jungle, and landed near us. It was as ugly a savage as ever I saw, but I never was more rejoiced at the sight of any one. I took my revolver in one hand, and with the other outstretched, walked down to greet him. Luckily, he understood Spanish. Still more luckily, he was bound down the river; and so, in five minutes, José and I, with our rifles, rags, and dinner, were on board, and paddling downstream, pipes lit, and broken shins forgotten.

IN AT THE DEATH.

It was the Chirripo upon which we were now floating, a stream which unites with the Barbillo, and thus forms the Matina. This, flowing past a town of the same name, empties its waters into the Caribbean Sea, at Moines, an insignificant trading town and poor harbor. Where we entered the river it was about seventy feet wide. Its bed lay for a long way in a deep gully, steep hills binding it in on either side.

Our Indian was of the tribe of the Chirripos, a people who have their homes in the mountains, near the source of the river after which they are called. They are supposed to be a savage race, and the native Costa Ricans stand in great fear of them. But Pedro Ortilla seemed a good fellow enough—a mild, jolly, dirty, good-tempered individual, a great lover of *aguadiente*, and a confirmed smoker when he could procure tobacco. Some of these good qualities he may, however, have possessed in virtue of his conversion from heathenism—a fact in his history to which he seemed to attach great importance, displaying, with no little pride, an ebony crucifix which depended from his neck by a rusty prayer-facilitator.

I said Pedro *understood* Spanish. He spoke also a little of the same language, but adulterated it sadly with native Chirripo. However, I made out to understand him. He looked a good deal like a Dacotah Indian, having about the same color and general expression of countenance. But luckily he was as lively *without* whisky as one of those redoubted warriors would be after having imbibed several quarts

CAPTAIN AND CREW.

of that stimulating liquid; and so I found it an easy matter, after becoming a little accustomed to his jargon, to get from him some account of his countrymen.

These live, as before said, in secluded villages and neighborhoods in the mountain fastnesses. They have very little dealings with the *whites*, by which I mean the molasses-colored descendants of the old Castilians. They have a very excusable prejudice against these, owing to the fact that their fathers for many generations were oppressed, robbed, and insulted by the Spaniards. Some hundreds years ago, when the Jesuit fathers were Christianizing all America, these tribes were also duly converted to the Roman Catholic faith. Their religion previous to that time seems to have been somewhat like the man's in class-meeting, "nothing to speak of," for they seem to have abandoned it without hesitation, and for a very inconsiderable consideration. We read in the history of those times—this is a scrap which I picked up in San José, in the University Library, before I went to the cock-pit—that in the year 1528 a *Padre Bobadillo* baptized no less than 53,000 of the New Granadian Indians in nine days, destroying their idols, giving them in exchange pictures and images of the Virgin, and supplying each convert at the same time with a modicum of holy-water, forty cacao beans (which were a regular circulating medium in those days), and a Christian name. There must have been a continual sprinkle those nine days! Alas for the good old times! They don't make Christians so fast in these days!

Most of these tribes at that time taken into the Church have backslidden, and those of Costa Rica have lost all memory or trace of Christianity, except in the names of their villages.

These are all called after Roman Catholic Saints, and it is a curious circumstance that in many of them, as San José (not the capital), San Antonio, and San Bernardo, the inhabitants are heathen, without exception. Individuals among these tribes hold fast (in rather a loose way) to the Roman Catholic faith. Of these was my informant, the canoe-man.

They live chiefly by hunting and fishing, do not use fire-arms, but the more primitive bow, arrow, and spear, and are among themselves a very peaceable set. They worship the sun and sundry images of wood, clay, and stone, practice polygamy, and, when ill, rely upon medicine-men, like our North American Indians. They do not value money, use neither milk nor salt, and are, in general, a tolerably idle, hospitable set. They live under the government of *caciques*, or chiefs, who are elected for life, and whose symbol of office is a *shirt*, a garment to wear which *they* have the exclusive right. Pedro gave me a hearty invitation to visit the mountains, where he assured me of good treatment and perfect immunity to person and pocket, so long as I refrained from attempts at making converts or discovering the localities of certain gold-mines said to exist in that region of country. These are capital crimes—so said Pedro—and death was a penalty rigidly enforced among the Chirripos.

It took a couple of days to extract all this information from our friend. In this time we had paddled past Matina, a town of about thirty houses, the centre of a cacao region, and notable to me as the place where, for a dozen *pesos*, I procured some garments which made me look and feel more like a Christian man than I had done since entering upon this expedition.

The cacao-tree here grows to a height of from eighteen to twenty-five feet. Several trees generally spring from one root. In this region it is an evergreen, and puts forth its saffron-colored blooms all the year round. July and December are, however, the seasons found most convenient for gathering the crop. The people believe that the period immediately succeeding full moon is the most favorable for the harvest.

The tree bears fruit in the third year, but does not arrive at maturity till the eighth, and gives then, for twenty years, a profitable return. There are in the neighborhood of Matina about 100,000 trees. One man (who receives generally about eight dollars per month) can attend to and gather the semi-annual crop from 1000 trees. In a good season that number will produce about 1250 pounds of cacao, worth on the coast $250.

The valley of the Matina is subject to an annual inundation, occasioned by the swelling of the mountain streams which feed the river. This takes place in December, and generally lasts three days, during which time the inhabitants of the lowlands take refuge in huts set upon high posts, somewhat similar to the native houses in Lombok and Bally, in the East Indies. The cacao-trees profit materially by the rich alluvial deposit left by the receding waters, as also, I was informed, by a general destruction of the moles, who prove very troublesome to the roots of the young plants.

From Matina to Moines is a distance of but thirty miles. At the urgent desire of Pedro, we started in the afternoon from Matina. That worthy, who was bound to the coast on a turtle-catching expedition, had a canoe-load of harpoons, lances, and spears, besides some rude hooks, with which to "turn turtle." These weapons, he said, were for the destruction of sundry tapirs, which animals abound on the shores of the Matina, between Matina and Moines. Dried tapir-meat is a favorite article of food among the hunters and fishermen, "and besides," said Pedro, "to kill them is great fun;" an opinion in which José Velasquez by no means agreed—that prudent young man caring little for sport attended, as he judged, with danger.

I had never seen a *tapir*. Pedro described him to me as an animal having the shape of a hog, the size of a yearling heifer, and the stupidity of half a dozen donkeys. To top all—and this pleased José Velasquez mightily—he was reputed perfectly harmless, and disposed to *run* on the slightest provocation. I lived in a tapir country afterward, and got to know a good deal of their habits. They feed on roots and plants, move about mostly at night, frequent the water-side, taking to the stream for safety from attack, and have a singular way of trotting along, head down, without paying attention to any one, or indeed to any obstructions in the road. The male has an elongation of the snout, something like a short trunk, and which I presume he uses in a similar way. Their haunts are known by paths made through the jungle in their daily wanderings. When in a secluded spot, a tapir will go through these paths regularly, just as a mole makes the diurnal circuit of his underground track. The Indians take advantage of this peculiarity, and lie in wait for their prey on one of these lines of road, not unfrequently felling trees across the pathway to stop the impetuous traveler.

We halted about half-way between Matina and Moines. The river here was wide, the current slow, and the banks low and overhung with thick and tangled vegetation. While José watched the boat and prepared our supper—we had again relapsed into tortillas and cocoa—Pedro and I went in search of tapir tracks.

"We won't see him till night," said the Indian, "but we must pick out a good place to lie in wait."

Just then there was a noise ahead, as of some huge beast forcing his way through the jungle, and before I could cock my rifle or jump aside, a veritable tapir came full tilt at us. For the moment I thought the lead-colored monster was aware of our presence and meant an attack, and thinking the odds too heavy, I must confess, I dropped rifle, and incontinently took to my heels. Not so Pedro. The moment he caught sight of the tapir, he stepped to one side of the track, and as he trotted past, his head between his fore legs, and utterly heedless of our presence, the Indian dealt him a blow with his lance, which *ought* to have finished him. With a loud snort of terror our victim freshened his headway, and trotted wildly toward the water, followed by Pedro, who shouted lustily for help. His cries brought me to, and, revolver in hand, I rushed after. It was a desperate race now, for if the wounded beast gained the water-side he would assuredly escape. He bled profusely, and as he ran his motions grew slower, giving us a chance to catch up with him. When I got to the scene of action, Pedro was again lancing him. I got as close as I could, and let drive at him three barrels from my six-shooter. These finished him; that is to say, their contents so materially impeded his headway, that Pedro was enabled to get on his back, and spear him to his heart's content.

It was a fortunate thing that our prize did not give up the ghost till within sight of the water. Pedro was determined to save *all* the meat, to carry to Moines, where he could use it while engaged in the turtle business. It took him and José half the night to dissect the tapir; and so we breakfasted off a choice part, the head, before paddling away for the river's mouth.

Moines has about 50 palm-thatched huts, inhabited by about 150 Indians and Costa Ricans, most of whom are engaged in the fisheries. Turtle-catching is carried on between the months of March and July. There are three varieties found on this coast. The green turtle—that of which epicures dream, and to taste which seems the crowning felicity of a British Alderman's existence—is not valued here. The hawksbill turtle it is, whose shell is valuable. During the season from 3000 to 4000 pounds of tortoise shell are brought into Moines. This is worth from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 dollars per pound. I was informed that a turtle affords commonly from two to five pounds of shell.

Of course the turtle are not *killed* for the sake of the shell. The process of obtaining this is one of such abominable cruelty, that it seems to me no civilized person ought to wear shell ornaments, or in any way encourage the traffic.

The turtles are waylaid at night and turned over on their backs, where they lie, helpless, till their captors are ready for them. As it is in the egg-laying season only that they can be caught, care is taken that the beast deposits its eggs before it is disturbed. Next morning the turtle is secured to the ground, right side up, and then a slow fire is kindled upon its back. The tortoise-shell of commerce is not the actual shell of the turtle, but rather a veneer, which covers that, and which the fire loosens so that a skillful operator, with a flat bladed knife, can take off the veneers, without fatally injuring the animal. In course of time these veneers grow again, and instances are related where a poor turtle has been robbed a second time. There is this difference, however, that in the primitive growth the shell is divided in several pieces, whereas the second growth is all in one piece.

Having no especial liking for savage life, and fearing that some day the poor tortured turtle would find voices to cry to Heaven against their tormentors (when to be sure there would be a most horrible din), I made haste to get out of Moines. A coasting schooner, manned and officered by two creatures so black that charcoal might have made a white mark on them, carried this writer and his fortunes to *Bocca del Toro*, the finest harbor of Costa Rica, and noted as the place where Christopher Columbus landed on one of his last voyages, in October, 1502. Here ends my story of the backwoods of Costa Rica—a region which I should not advise any one to travel, either for pleasure or profit.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH. THE SALE OF PORTHGENNA TOWER.

"How charming! how pastoral! how exquisitely soothing to the nerves!" said Mr. Phippen, sentimentally surveying the lawn at the back of the vicarage house, under the shadow of the lightest umbrella he could pick out of the hall. "Three years have passed, Chennery—three suffering years for me, but we need not dwell on that—since I last stood on this lawn. There is the window of your old study, where I had that attack of heartburn last time—in the strawberry season; don't you remember? Ah! and there is the school-room! Shall I ever forget dear Miss Sturch coming to me out of that room—a ministering angel—with soda and ginger—so comforting, so sweetly anxious about stirring it up, so unaffectedly grieved that there was no sal-volatile in the house! I do so enjoy these pleasant recollections, Chennery; they are as great a luxury to me as your cigar is to you. Could you walk on the other side, my dear fellow? I like the smell, but the smoke is a little too much for me. Thank you. And now about the story—the curious story? What was the name of the old place—I am so interested in it—it began with a P, surely?"

"Porthgenna Tower," said the vicar.

"Exactly," rejoined Mr. Phippen, shifting the umbrella tenderly from one shoulder to the other. "And what in the world made Captain Treverton sell Porthgenna Tower?"

"I believe the reason was that he could not endure the place after the death of his wife," answered Doctor Chennery. "The estate, you know, has never been entailed; so the Captain had no difficulty in parting with it, except, of course, the difficulty of finding a purchaser."

"Why not his brother?" asked Mr. Phippen. "Why not our eccentric friend, Andrew Treverton?"

"Don't call him my friend," said the vicar. "A mean, groveling, cynical, selfish old wretch! It's no use shaking your head, Phippen, and trying to look shocked. I know Andrew Treverton's early history as well as you do. I know that he was treated with the basest ingratitude and villainy by a college friend, who took all he had to give, and swindled him at last in the grossest manner. I know all about that. But one instance of ingratitude does not justify a man in shutting himself up from society, and railing against all mankind as a disgrace to the earth they walk on. I myself have heard the old brute say that the greatest benefactor to our generation would be a second Herod, who could prevent another generation from succeeding it. Ought a man who can talk in that way to be the friend of any human being with the slightest respect for his species or himself?"

"My friend!" said Mr. Phippen, catching the vicar by the arm, and mysteriously lowering his voice, "my dear and reverend friend! I admire your honest indignation against the utterer of that exceedingly misanthropical sentiment; but—I confide this to you, Chennery, in the strictest secrecy—there are moments—morning moments generally—when my digestion is in such a state, that I have actually agreed with that annihilating person, Andrew Treverton! I have woke up with my tongue like a cinder—I have crawled to the glass and looked at it—and I have said to myself, Let there be an end of the human race rather than a continuance of this!"

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the vicar, receiving Mr. Phippen's confession with a burst of irreverent laughter. "Take a glass of cool small-beer next time your tongue is in that state, and you will pray for a continuance of the brewing part of the human race, at any rate. But let us go back to Porthgenna Tower, or I shall never get on with my story. When Captain Treverton had once made up his mind to sell the place, I have no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would have thought of offering it to his brother (who inherited his mother's fortune, you know), with a view, of course, to keeping the estate in the family. Not that Andrew would have been much good in that way, for a more confirmed old bachelor never existed. However, as things were at that time (and are still, I am sorry to say), the Captain could make no personal offers of any kind to Andrew—for the two were not then, and are not now, on speaking, or even on writing terms. It is a shocking thing to say, but the worst quarrel of the kind I ever heard of is the quarrel between those two brothers."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, opening his camp-stool, which had hitherto hung, dangling by its silken tassel, on the hooked handle of the umbrella. "May I sit down before you go any farther? I am getting a little excited about this part of the story, and I dare not fatigue myself. Pray go on. I don't think the legs of my camp-stool will make holes in the lawn. I am so light—a mere skeleton, in fact. Do go on!"

"You must have heard," pursued the vicar, "that Captain Treverton, when he was advanced in life, married an actress—rather a violent temper, I believe, but a person of spotless character, and as fond of her husband as a woman could be; therefore, according to my view of it, a very good wife for him to marry. However, the Captain's friends, of course, made the usual senseless outcry, and the Captain's brother, as the only near relation, took it on himself to attempt breaking off the marriage in the most offensively indelicate way. Failing in that, and hating the poor woman like poison, he left his brother's house, saying, among many other savage speeches, one infamous thing about the bride, which—which, upon my honor, Phippen, I am ashamed to repeat. Whatever the words were, they were unluckily carried to Mrs. Treverton's ears, and they were of the kind that no woman—let alone a quick-tempered woman like the Captain's wife—ever forgives. An interview followed between the two brothers—and it led, as you may easily imagine, to very unhappy results. They parted in the most deplorable manner. The Captain declared, in the heat of his passion, that Andrew had never had one generous impulse in his heart since he was born, and that he would die without one kind feeling toward any living soul in the world. Andrew replied, that if he had no heart, he had a memory, and that he should remember those farewell words as long as he lived. So they separated. Twice afterward, the Captain made overtures of reconciliation. The first time, when his daughter Rosamond was born; the second time, when Mrs. Treverton died. On each occasion the elder brother wrote to say that if the younger would retract the atrocious words he had spoken against his sister-in-law, every atonement should be offered to him for the harsh language which the Captain had used, in the hastiness of anger, when they last met. No answer was received from Andrew to either letter; and the estrangement between the two brothers has continued to the present time. You understand now why Captain Treverton could not privately consult Andrew's inclinations before he publicly announced his intention of parting with Porthgenna Tower?"

Although Mr. Phippen declared, in answer to this appeal, that he understood perfectly, and although he begged with the utmost politeness that the vicar would go on, his attention seemed, for the moment, to be entirely absorbed in inspecting the legs of his camp-stool, and in ascertaining what impression they made on the vicarage lawn. Doctor Chennery's own interest, however, in the circumstances that he was relating, seemed sufficiently strong to make up for any transient lapse of attention on the part of his guest. After a few vigorous puffs at his cigar (which had been several times in imminent danger of going out while he was speaking), he went on with his narrative in these words:

"Well, the house, the estate, the mine, and the fisheries of Porthgenna were all publicly put up to sale, a few months after Mrs. Treverton's death; but no offers were made for the property which it was possible to accept. The ruinous state of the house, the bad cultivation of the land, legal difficulties in connection with the mine, and quarter-day difficulties in the collection of the rents, all contributed to make Porthgenna what the auctioneers would call a bad lot to dispose of. Failing to sell the place, Captain Treverton could not be prevailed on to change his mind, and live there again. The death of his wife almost broke his heart—for he was, by all accounts, just as fond of her as she had been of him—and the very sight of the place that was associated with the greatest affliction of his life became hateful to him. He removed, with his little girl and a relative of Mrs. Treverton, who was her governess, to our neighborhood, and rented a pretty little cottage, across the church fields, near that large house which you must have observed with the high-walled garden, close to the London Road. The house was inhabited at that time by Leonard Frankland's father and mother. The new neighbors soon became intimate; and thus it happened that the couple whom I have been marrying this morning were brought up together as children, and fell in love with each other, almost before they were out of their pinafores."

"Chennery, my dear fellow, I don't look as if I was sitting all on one side, do I?" cried Mr. Phippen, suddenly breaking into the vicar's narrative, with a look of alarm. "I am shocked to interrupt you; but, surely, your grass is amazingly soft in this part of the country. One of my camp-stool legs is getting shorter and shorter every moment. I'm drilling a hole! I'm toppling over! Gracious Heavens! I feel myself going—I shall be down, Chennery; upon my life, I shall be down!"

"Stuff!" cried the vicar, pulling up, first Mr. Phippen and then Mr. Phippen's camp-stool, which had rooted itself in the grass, all on one side. "Here! come on to the gravel-walk; you can't drill holes in that. What's the matter now?"

"Palpitations," said Mr. Phippen, dropping his umbrella, and placing his hand over his heart; "and bile. I can see those black spots again—those infernal, lively, black spots, dancing before my eyes. Chennery, suppose you consult some agricultural friend about the quality of your grass. Take my word for it, your lawn is softer than it ought to be. Lawn!" repeated Mr. Phippen to himself, contemptuously, as he turned round to pick up his umbrella. "It isn't a lawn—it's a bog!"

"There, sit down," said the vicar, "and don't pay the palpitations and the black spots the compliment of bestowing the smallest attention on them. Do you want any thing to drink? Shall it be physic, or beer, or what?"

"No, no! I am so unwilling to give trouble," answered Mr. Phippen. "I would rather suffer—rather, a great deal. I think if you would go on with your story, Chennery, it would compose me. I have not the faintest idea of what led to it, but I think you were saying something interesting on the subject of pinafores!"

"Nonsense!" said Doctor Chennery. "I was only telling you of the fondness between the two children who have now grown up to be man and wife. And I was going on to tell you that Captain Treverton, shortly after he settled in our neighborhood, took to the active

practice of his profession again. Nothing else seemed to fill up the gap that the loss of Mrs. Treverton had made in his life. Having good interest with the Admiralty, he can always get a ship when he applies for one; and up to the present time, with intervals on shore, he has resolutely stuck to the sea—though he is getting, as his daughter and his friends think, rather too old for it now. Don't look puzzled, Phippen; I am not going so wide of the mark as you think. These are some of the necessary particulars that must be stated first. And now they are comfortably disposed of, I can get round at last to the main part of my story—the sale of Porthgenna Tower. What is it now? Do you want to get up again?"

Yes, Mr. Phippen did want to get up again; being of opinion that his best chance of composing the palpitations and dispersing the black spots, lay in trying the experiment of a little gentle walking exercise. He was most unwilling to occasion any trouble, but would his worthy friend Chennery, before proceeding with this intensely interesting story, give him an arm, and carry the camp-stool, and walk slowly in the direction of the school-room window, so as to keep Miss Sturch within easy hailing distance, in case it became necessary to try the last resource of taking a composing draught? The vicar, whose inexhaustible good-nature was proof against every trial that Mr. Phippen's dyspeptic infirmities could inflict on it, complied with all these requests, and went on with his story, unconsciously adopting the tone and manner of a good-humored parent who was doing his best to soothe the temper of a fretful child.

"I told you," he said, "that the elder Mr. Frankland and Captain Treverton were near neighbors here. They had not been long acquainted before the one found out from the other that Porthgenna Tower was for sale. On first hearing this, old Frankland asked a few questions about the place, but said not a word on the subject of purchasing it. Soon after that, the Captain got a ship and went to sea. During his absence, old Frankland privately set off for Cornwall, to look at the estate, and to find out all he could about its advantages and defects from the persons left in charge of the house and lands. He said nothing when he came back until Captain Treverton returned from his first cruise; and then the old gentleman spoke out one morning, in his quiet, decided way.

"'Treverton,' said he, 'if you will sell Porthgenna Tower at the price at which you bought it in, when you tried to dispose of it by auction, write to your lawyer and tell him to take the title-deeds to mine, and ask for the purchase-money.'

"Captain Treverton was naturally a little astonished at the readiness of this offer; but people, like myself, who know old Frankland's history, were not so surprised. His fortune had been made by trade, and he was foolish enough to be always a little ashamed of acknowledging that one simple and creditable fact. The truth was, that his ancestors had been landed gentry of importance before the time of the Civil War, and the old gentleman's great ambition was to sink the merchant in the landed grandee, and to leave his son to succeed him in the character of a Squire of large estate and great county influence. He was willing to devote half his fortune to accomplish this great scheme; but half his fortune would not buy him such an estate as he wanted, in an important agricultural county like ours. Rents are high, and land is made the most of with us. An estate as extensive as the estate of Porthgenna, would fetch more than double the money which Captain Treverton could venture to ask for it, if it was situated in these parts. Old Frankland was well aware of that fact, and attached all possible importance to it. Besides, there was something in the feudal look of Porthgenna Tower, and in the right over the mine and fisheries, which the purchase of the estate included, that flattered his notions of restoring the family greatness. Here, he and his son after him, could lord it, as he thought, on a large scale, and direct at their sovereign will and pleasure the industry of hundreds of poor people, scattered along the coast, or huddled together in the little villages inland. This was a tempting prospect, and it could be secured for forty thousand pounds—which was just ten thousand pounds less than he had made up his mind to give when he first determined to metamorphose himself from a plain merchant into a magnificent landed gentleman. People who knew these facts were, as I have said, not much surprised at Mr. Frankland's readiness to purchase Porthgenna Tower; and Captain Treverton, it is hardly necessary to say, was not long in clinching the bargain on his side. The estate changed hands; and away went old Frankland with a tail of wiseacres from London at his heels, to work the mine and the fisheries on new scientific principles, and to beautify the old house from top to bottom with bran-new medieval decorations, under the direction of a gentleman who was said to be an architect, but who looked, to my mind, the very image of a Popish priest in disguise. Wonderful plans and projects, were they not? And how do you think they succeeded?"

"Do tell me, my dear fellow!" was the answer that fell from Mr. Phippen's lips. "I wonder whether Miss Sturch keeps a bottle of camphor julep in the family medicine chest?" was the thought that passed through Mr. Phippen's mind.

"Tell you!" exclaimed the vicar. "Why, of course every one of his plans turned out a dead failure. His Cornish tenantry received him as an interloper. The antiquity of his family made no impression upon them. It might be an old family, but it was not a Cornish family, and, therefore, it was of no importance in their eyes. They would have gone to the world's end for the Trevertons; but not a man of them would move a step out of his way for the Franklands. As for the mine, it seemed to be inspired with the same mutinous spirit that possessed the tenantry. The wiseacres from London blasted in all directions on the profoundest scientific principles, brought about sixpennyworth of ore to the surface for every five pounds they spent in getting it up. The fisheries turned out little better. A new plan for curing pilchards, which was a marvel of economy in theory, proved to be a perfect phenomenon of extravagance in practice. The only item of luck in old Frankland's large sum of misfortunes was produced by his quarreling in good time with the medieval architect, who was like a Popish priest in disguise. This fortunate event saved the new owner of Porthgenna all the money he might otherwise have spent in restoring and redecorating the whole suite of rooms on the north side of the house, which had been left to go to rack and ruin for more than fifty years past, and which remain in their old neglected condition to this day. To make a long story short, after uselessly spending more thousands of pounds at Porthgenna than I should like to reckon up, old Frankland gave in at last, left the place in disgust to the care of his steward, who was charged never to lay out another farthing on it, and returned to this neighborhood. Being in high dudgeon, and happening to catch Captain Treverton on shore when he got back, the first thing he did was to abuse Porthgenna and all the people about it a little too vehemently in the Captain's presence. This led to a coolness between the two neighbors, which might have ended in the breaking off of all intercourse but for the children on either side, who would see each other just as often as ever, and who ended, by dint of willful persistency, in putting an end to the estrangement between their fathers, by making it look simply ridiculous. Here, in my opinion, lies the most curious part of the story. Important family interests depended on those two young people falling in love with each other; and, wonderful to relate, that (as you know, after my confession at breakfast-time) was exactly what they did. Here is a case of a most romantic love-match, which is also the marriage, of all others, that the parents on both sides had the strongest worldly interest in promoting. Shakspeare may say what he pleases, the course of true love does run smooth sometimes. Never was the marriage-service performed to better purpose than when I read it this morning. The estate being entailed on Leonard, Captain Treverton's daughter now goes back, in the capacity of mistress, to the house and lands which her father sold. Rosamond being an only child, the purchase-money of Porthgenna, which old Frankland once lamented as money thrown away, will now, when the Captain dies, be the marriage-portion of young Frankland's wife. I don't know what you think of the beginning and middle of my story, Phippen, but the end ought to satisfy you, at any rate. Did you ever hear of a bride and bridegroom who started with fairer prospects in life than our bride and bridegroom of to-day?"

Before Mr. Phippen could make any reply, Miss Sturch put her head out of the school-room window: and seeing the two gentlemen approaching, beamed on them with her invariable smile. Then, addressing the vicar, said, in her softest tones:

"I regret extremely to trouble you, Sir, but I find Robert very intractable, this morning, with his multiplication table."

"Where does he stick now?" asked Doctor Chennery.

"At seven times eight, Sir," replied Miss Sturch.

"Bob!" shouted the vicar through the window. "Seven times eight?"

"Forty-three," answered the whimpering voice of the invisible Bob.

"You shall have one more chance before I get my cane," said Doctor Chennery. "Now, then, look out! Seven times—"

"My dear, good friend," interposed Mr. Phippen, "if you cane that very unhappy boy, he will scream. My nerves have been tried once this morning by the camp-stool: I shall be totally shattered if I hear screams. Give me time to get out of the way, and allow me also to spare dear Miss Sturch the sad spectacle of correction (so shocking to sensibilities like hers) by asking her for a little camphor julep, and so giving her an excuse for getting out of the way like me. I think I could have done without the camphor julep under any other circumstances; but I ask for it unhesitatingly now, as much for Miss Sturch's sake, as for the sake of my own poor nerves. Have you got camphor julep, Miss Sturch? Say yes, I beg and entreat, and give me an opportunity of escorting you out of the way of the screams."

While Miss Sturch—whose well-trained sensibilities were proof against the longest paternal caning and the loudest filial acknowledgment of it in the way of screams—tripped up-stairs to fetch the camphor julep, as smiling and self-possessed as ever, Master Bob, finding himself alone with his sisters in the school-room, sidled up to the youngest of the two, produced from the pocket of his trowsers three frowzy acidulated drops looking very much the worse for wear, and, attacking Miss Amelia on the weak, or greedy side of her character, artfully offered the drops in exchange for confidential information on the subject of seven times eight. "You like 'em?" whispered Bob. "Oh, don't I!" answered Amelia. "Seven times eight?" asked Bob. "Fifty-six," answered Amelia. "Sure?" said Bob. "Certain," said Amelia. The drops changed hands, and the catastrophe of the domestic drama changed with them. Just as Miss Sturch appeared with the camphor julep at the garden door, in the character of medical Hebe to Mr. Phippen, her intractable pupil showed himself to his father at the school-room window, in the character, arithmetically speaking, of a reformed son. The cane reposed for the day; and Mr. Phippen drank his glass of camphor julep with a mind at ease on the twin subjects of Miss Sturch's sensibilities and Master Bob's screams.

"Most gratifying in every way," said the Martyr to Dyspepsia, smacking his lips with great relish, as he drained the last drops out of the glass. "My nerves are spared, Miss Sturch's feelings are spared, and the dear boy's back is spared. You have no idea how relieved I feel, Chennery. Whereabouts were we in that delightful story of yours when this little domestic interruption occurred?"

"At the end of it, to be sure," said the vicar. "The bride and bridegroom are some miles on their way, by this time, to spend the honeymoon at St. Swithin's-on-Sea. Captain Treverton is only left behind for a day. He received his sailing orders on Monday, and he will be off to Portsmouth to-morrow to take command of his ship. Though he won't admit it in plain words, I happen to know that Rosamond has persuaded him to make this his last cruise. She has a plan for getting him back to Porthgenna, to live there with her and her husband, which I hope and believe will succeed. The west rooms at the old house, in one of which Mrs. Treverton died, are not to be used at all by the young married couple. They have engaged a builder—a sensible, practical man, this time—to survey the neglected north rooms, with a view to their redecoration and thorough repair in every way. This part of the house can not possibly be associated with any melancholy recollections in Captain Treverton's mind; for neither he nor any one else ever entered it during the period of his residence at Porthgenna. Considering the change in the look of the place which this project of repairing the north rooms is sure to produce, and taking into account also the softening effect of time on all painful recollections, I should say there was a fair prospect now of Captain Treverton's returning to pass the end of his days among his old tenantry. It will be a great chance for Leonard Frankland if he does, for he would be sure to dispose the people at Porthgenna kindly toward their new master. Introduced among his Cornish tenants under Captain Treverton's wing, Leonard is sure to get on well with them, provided he abstains from showing too much of the family pride which he has inherited from his father. He is a little given to overrate the advantages of birth and the importance of rank—but that is really the only noticeable defect in his character. In all other respects, I can honestly say of him that he deserves what he has got—the best wife in the world. What a life of happiness, Phippen, seems to be awaiting those lucky young people! It is a bold thing to say of any mortal creatures, but, look as far on as I may, not a cloud can I see any where in their future prospects."

"You excellent creature!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, affectionately squeezing the vicar's hand. "How I enjoy hearing you! how I luxuriate in your bright view of life!"

"And is it not the true view—especially in the case of young Frankland and his wife?" inquired the vicar.

"If you ask me," said Mr. Phippen, with a mournful smile, and a philosophic calmness of manner, "I can only answer that the direction of a man's speculative views depends, not to mince the matter, on the state of his secretions. Your biliary secretions, dear friend, are all right, and you take bright views. My biliary secretions are all wrong, and I take dark views. You look at the future prospects of this young married couple, and say there is no cloud over them. I don't dispute the assertion, not having the pleasure of knowing either bride or bridegroom. But I look up at the sky over our heads—I remember that there was not a cloud on it when we first entered the garden—I now see, just over those two trees growing so close together, a cloud that has appeared unexpectedly from nobody knows where—and I draw my own conclusions. Such," said Mr. Phippen, ascending the garden steps on his way into the house, "is my philosophy. It may be tinged with bile, but it is philosophy for all that."

"All the philosophy in the world," said the vicar, following his guest up the steps, "will not shake my conviction that Leonard Frankland and his wife have a happy future before them."

Mr. Phippen laughed, and, waiting on the steps till his host joined him, took Doctor Chennery's arm in the friendliest manner.

"You have told a charming story, Chennery," he said, "and you have ended it with a charming sentiment. But, my dear friend, though your healthy mind (influenced by an enviably easy digestion) despises my bilious philosophy, don't quite forget the cloud over the two trees. Look up at it now—it is getting darker and bigger already."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

PARLIAMENTARY JOKES.—M. Guizot, in his Sketch of Sir Robert Peel, gives the following little reminiscence of the great party and personal contest which followed the introduction of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in the House of Lords by the Ministry of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. "As soon as the debate commenced, ironical insult to persons was mingled with the conflict of principles. Lord Eldon had presented to the House of Lords a petition from the tailors of Glasgow against emancipation. 'What!' said Lord Lyndhurst (who had '*ratted*' to keep his place), 'do the tailors trouble themselves about such measures?' 'No wonder,' answered Lord Eldon, 'you can't suppose that *tailors* like *turncoats*.'"

SIR JOSEPH BANKS'S BALANCE.—At the death of Sir Joseph Banks there was left at the apartments of the Royal Society at Somerset House, a very delicate balance, used in meteorological experiments, etc., constructed by Ramsden, the property of Sir Joseph. The Secretary accordingly wrote to his widow, requesting to know her wishes respecting the "balance" in their hands. "Pay it into Coutts's," was her Ladyship's reply.—*Weld's Royal Society.*

NEW YORK SIXTY YEARS SINCE.—"The inhabitants of the city of New York, the capital of the State, are composed of various nations and religions. The plan of the city is in no way regular, like Philadelphia and others, but is laid out with reference to the ground, which I think preferable to a forced and insipid regularity. The houses are mostly built of brick, and roofs tiled; there are a few still remaining built after the old Dutch style, serving as a foil to the English taste that now prevails. The situation of the city is naturally healthy and pleasant, but the *intolerable negligence of those in office*—whose business is to direct and see the streets, docks, and slips kept clean—is such, that some of the streets, and, I believe, every dock and slip (where small craft lie), are so abominably filthy, that any person fresh from the country or off the water can scarcely refrain from sickness on passing through them. Instead, therefore, of being surprised at the Yellow or any other epidemical Fever prevailing occasionally, I rather wonder they have it not every summer. York Island, on which the city stands, is fifteen miles in length, and hardly one in breadth. It is joined to the main by a bridge, still called *King's Bridge*—a name so seldom met with in America that they seem to have taken much childish pains to alter every sound approaching to royalty: witness *King Street* to *State Street* in Boston, and *Queen Street* to *Pearl Street* in New York. A want of good water is a great inconvenience to the inhabitants, there being few good wells in the city; most of the people are supplied with fresh water from a pump near the head of Pearl Street, conveyed to their doors in casks. It is a reflection on this city, affluent as it is, that they do not have it supplied by pipes, which has often been proposed by individuals, but never acceded to." Such is the account given by Lieutenant Harriott, an old East India officer, who traveled through the Northern States in 1793-'5, and settled for a short time on Long Island. He has recorded his impressions in an interesting work, called "Struggles through Life," published in 1815. At the date of his visit to America, one of the most striking social features was the number of French immigrants, driven by Revolution from both the mother country and from St. Domingo. At New York, he lodged in the same house with the Duc de Rochefoucault Liancourt (well known from his Travels in America, which breathe a liberal and enlightened air of humanity). Mr. Harriott says, "I could not but admire the composed philosophy with which he bore so great a change in his situation and circumstances; from the possession of more than £100,000 sterling yearly, he was reduced to live without a servant. As he was one day brushing his own clothes, he observed, with a cheerful countenance, that had it not been for the Revolution in France, he should never have known how easy it was to wait upon himself."

QUOTATIONS WANTED.—The lines

> The weak, low spirit Fortune makes her slave,
> But she's a drudge when hectored by the brave,

are from Dryden. Johnson gives them in his Dictionary *ad verbum* "Hector." Perhaps some of your readers can point out the poem or play in which they occur.

The second query is easily answered. The lines

> The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
> And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smil'd!

are at the opening of the second part of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. HELA.

"WILL any reader furnish for Notes and Queries the poetical version of *The Hermit*, an apologue found in Cotton Mather's Magnalia? Who was the author? This call is made at the request of a lady who highly prizes the poem, but lost her copy a few years ago. MAINENSIS."

We are not familiar enough with the well-known story, the object of which is "to vindicate the ways of God to man," so beautifully versified by Parnell,

Far in a wild, remote from public view,
From youth to age, a reverend hermit grew,

occurs in it. Originally an Eastern apologue, it found its way to the Gesta Romanorum, and from thence to the Elizabethan writers, and would be likely to attract the attention of Cotton Mather. If this is the same story, the poem of Parnell is probably the one inquired for, and may readily be found in most specimens of English poetry.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MSS.—The extraordinary manner in which the MS. correspondence of Boswell (from which we give an extract elsewhere), has come to light, is not the least interesting thing about the book which is now amusing the literary world. According to the story related in the preface, a few years ago a clergyman (whose name is not given), having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Farther investigation led to the production of a large parcel of similar papers, which proved to be a correspondence of nearly forty years (from 1758 to 1795) between Boswell and his early friend (whose name he introduces in his Life of Johnson), the Rev. William Johnson Temple. The only account that could be obtained was, that the lot was purchased from a hawker, who was in the habit of passing through Boulogne once or twice a year, to supply the different shops with paper. In spite of this questionable origin (which is just what might be invented for a skillful forgery), the literary judges are unanimous in their verdict of the genuineness of these letters. The man himself is displayed in them, in a way that no forger could assume; and the innumerable facts and incidents alluded to, would afford too many chances for detection to be braved by the most expert counterfeiter.—A singular circumstance has lately occurred in the Boswell family, which will remind the readers of "Ten Thousand a Year" that truth is as strange as fiction. One of James Boswell's deepest feelings was a sentiment of pride in his family name and estate, and a desire to perpetuate it in a succession of male heirs, who should keep up the old name and reputation. In one of the newly-discovered letters he says: "You know that as an old laird of this family gave the estate to the heir male though he had four daughters, I hold it as a sacred point of honor not to alter that line of succession." We may well imagine the ancient blood of the writer would have boiled with indignation could he have foreseen that his Grandson was to set aside the deed of entail attaching the family estate of Auchinleck to the heirs male, which he and his father executed with all the solemnities of the law in 1775. Yet so it is. Boswell left two sons. The elder, Sir Alexander Boswell, a gentleman of great talents and much beloved, was killed in a duel by Mr. Stuart, the author of "Three Years in America," which, twenty years ago, was accounted the fairest book on the United States. His son, the present Sir James Boswell, has a large family of daughters only. On examination of the deed above-mentioned, it was pronounced invalid by the Scottish judges; because when a word of any importance in a deed of entail is written on an erasure, without being authenticated in the testing clause, the effect is fatal to the object of the deed. The Auchinleck deed was in this position. In the clause prohibiting the right of sale, the word *redeemable* had at first been written instead of *irredeemable*; an erasure was made, and the five letters *irred* were written on this erasure, and no notice of the circumstance was contained in the testing clause. This was ruled to be a fatal objection, and Sir James Boswell is at liberty to sell the estate, or make any disposition of it he likes, to provide for his daughters. Thus vanishes the family name and male succession of "Boswell of Auchinleck," before the blunder of a copying clerk!

IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES.—Few subjects of a mere literary nature have excited in their day more interest than the productions usually so designated; and when their astounding temporary success is considered, it is not remarkable that they should continue to be objects of curiosity even now, when the "Great Poet" is so much more studied and understood than he was at the time of this famous literary imposture. Equal to Chatterton in presumption, if not in talent, William Henry Ireland never overcame the stigma which clung to him; and lately closed a life, passed in obscure labor for the booksellers. Since then, circumstances have occurred to mitigate the weight of public censure, and it has been positively asserted in the English literary journals, that Ireland has been made to suffer for the sins of his whole family. His father, Samuel Ireland, (who is now known to have imposed on the collectors of Hogarth's Prints numerous false "unique specimens,") was the original deviser of the whole affair. It was his eldest daughter who wrote the imitations of the dramatist, the younger one assisted, and the redoubtable William Henry was merely a copier. It was Samuel Ireland who began by collecting books of Shakspeare's time, fabricated MS. notes, and inserted them in books as if written by the immortal bard—so skillfully, that the copy of Montaigne's Essays with Shakspeare's autograph, for which the British Museum gave $600 (£120), is now considered to be one of these very impositions. So little dependence is to be placed on published statements, that William H. Ireland assured the writer whom we quote, that the book he published, entitled his "Confessions," in which he assumes the entire responsibility of the affair, was a tissue of lies from beginning to end, inspired by the inevitable necessity for "raising the wind," and that the true history of the subject yet remains to be written.

THE STORY OF AN ENGAGED YOUNG PERSON.

SHE was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was red, and so were the rims of her eyes; and her eyes themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's-maid rather than an English one. She looked as if she could put her hand and her well-rounded arm to any thing, and had been very good-tempered and obliging throughout the journey. It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already rather triumphantly by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person, going out to Australia to be married; that there was a somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with outstretched hands yearning to receive her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler without doubt, although, perhaps, in England we should have called her rather a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well indeed what we were likely to think about this matter, but she didn't care.

If I had been better-looking—she began her story with this—I might never have got a husband, or at least not the money to marry him upon, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting £400 into my own pocket. And this was how it all came about: My late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing—for she told me so—to leave me comfortably provided for, took me over with her seven years ago to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of a gay life and brilliant amusements, and that place suited her so well that she made it her home; and I, but little loath, remained there too. Joseph and I had kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage. He said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow, although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of his getting a letter more than once a day. He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply nearly so often; however, of course I was not a bird that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's-maid under such circumstances could hope to be.

One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow-servant was on leave of absence for some days; and, except the porter in the court-yard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore, having nothing better—or at least nicer—to do, and being in my mistress's bed-room among her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious full-length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked in bareges, in silks, in muslins for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves with pearls became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glacé silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and falling vail fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little to see as much of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of Madame—who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned—I involuntarily remarked aloud, "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind." It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel-drawers—this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them—but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond ear-rings, before I heard wheels in the court-yard, and my mistress came home. Every thing had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have since thought at least; and when she wished me her *bon soir*, she added: "I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie, so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself." I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glacé silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich me with? No; as I hope for heaven and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's heart, too, beating true and warm, and I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight—a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural—my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answer. The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains—ay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-cover, on the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin—every where where the murderer's hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed—I dared not look in the bed; but in that great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight—there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat...... They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me—nothing praiseworthy, nothing. (This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at this reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.) I did not understand how much I owed him: how, not having heard from me for some time, and reading in the paper that an English lady's-maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St. Honoré, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me; so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I knew. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved ill to me of old (which I am sure dear Joseph never had, nor thought of, doing). He stood by me in court—in the prisoner's place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told him about the jewels, and of my trying them on; how every thing was safe, and the doors locked, and the chamber-window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress's bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while; it made me shudder even then, amidst that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange, they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress's departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels—those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the court-yard the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate-porter: but it was so vague that he was not put upon his trial. A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by my late mistress's family, nearly £400. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me any thing beyond the wages due to me. After my acquittal a collection for mine and Joseph's benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service again at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at their beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my "ugly" on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking. At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person, with a foreign appearance—which I had reason enough for disliking—and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations, and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with, "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind." I cried out "Murder" and "Police!" as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once. No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame's toilet-glass. He denied every thing, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate-porter, whom I had never before seen; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicions against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night. It was bestowed upon me after the trial by the heir-at-law, and I obtained besides the £400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

THE DEATH OF THE DEVIL.

"*Corragio, figliuolo mio!*" (Courage, my little son!) said my good, motherly old landlady to me one evening, as she bustled into my room; "*Corragio! il Diavolo è morto, a Pisa!*" and she patted me on the back, and indulged herself in an exuberantly jovial dance about the premises. I had been in a doleful frame of mind for several days on account of the non-arrival of long-expected letters from home; the good *padrona* knew of my melancholy condition, and came in thus to cheer me.

"*Corragio!* The Devil is dead at Pisa!" and she pirouetted around among the chairs and tables hilariously.

"*Dead!*"

"*Si! si!* Dead, dead, dead! The news has just come to Florence! Stabbed through the heart! By a medical student at Pisa!" and off she went again, dancing as if bitten by the *tarantela*.

Of course my dolefuls disappeared. My "*Il Pensoroso*" vanished at the sight of her "*L'Allegro*," and I became as anxious to hear as she was to tell about "the death of the Devil." The entire rotundity of the little woman was a-glow and a-fidget with the news, and as soon as she had calmed sufficiently to remain in the chair into which I forced her, she began her story.

"You must know, *Signore*, that there is a medical school at Pisa. It is the most famous school in all Europe, and students come there in crowds from all parts of the world. (*Slightly* exaggerated, thought I; but never mind.) And these medical students, they say, are the *wildest* harum-scarums! No wonder that the devil was among them. My sister, who lives at Pisa, says that the pranks they cut up are perfectly awful. She wouldn't be out alone after dark for all the money of the Grand Duke. If I should tell you what she has told me about them! But not now; I must not forget 'His Majesty.' Ha, ha! He's dead! *Dio mio! Il Diavolo è morto, morto, a Pisa!*

"Well, it seems that there came there two young fellows from Corsica to study. They were intimate friends; some say that one was betrothed to the sister of the other. They roomed together, studied together, were inseparable, whether at work or in mischief. They soon acquired the reputation, both in college and in the town, of being the smartest, wildest, jolliest dare-devils of the school. They didn't seem to care a fig for the police, who actually became afraid of them; and they never went to mass or to confession. The priests and professors were troubled by them, and they were just about to be expelled when one of them fell sick, very sick. This calmed the other, who became at once the constant attendant at his friend's bedside. The one who was ill was called Paolo, I believe; the other Giugliano.

"The priests improved the opportunity of Paolo's sickness to visit him, to upbraid him for his neglect of the church, to urge confession, and all that. At first Paolo endured their visits, and listened in silence to their advice; but as he grew worse, he was annoyed by their frequent calls, and treated them with contempt. He was a heretic, it seems; both of them were; and he told them to clear out, that he did not believe in their mummeries, and that he wanted to die in peace. This was *awful*, you know, Signore, to treat our religion in that way! Of course the priests were very angry; they even threatened poor Paolo that, if he refused to confess and to receive absolution, and the 'extreme unction,' he should not be buried in consecrated ground; and they added that, if he died unshriven, his body would belong to the Devil, who would come to claim it! But Paolo was unmoved even by this; he bid Giugliano shut

the door in their faces, and not to admit them. *Such* impiety! Afraid neither of priest nor devil! Why, *Dio mio!* I am afraid as death of both.

"Well, as Paolo grew worse and worse, and knew that he was about to die, he besought Giugliano to give him a solemn promise that he would never for a moment leave him; that he would remain constantly with his body until he should see it buried in the garden of his home in Corsica. Poor Giugliano, with many tears, gave Paolo his most solemn vows to regard these last wishes of his brother, and that very night Paolo died. Giugliano made arrangements immediately, through his friends, to leave Pisa the next morning by the earliest train for Leghorn, and from thence to Corsica by ship; and he prepared himself to sit up alone with the corpse. The body was removed to the dead-house of the college, a kind of chapel attached to the buildings, and by eleven o'clock, the two friends, inseparable even yet, were alone together in that *awful* place. Giugliano, it seems, was possessed with an indefinable fear that something was about to happen, so he armed himself with one of his fencing foils, from which he had removed the button. This he concealed in the folds of his cloak, and there he sat alone, by the faint light of the little lamp, which burned dimly before the altar.

"Ah, Signore, my blood runs cold to think of that melancholy vigil, and of the event which happened!

"As the clock struck twelve—*Dio mio!*—the door opened, and in stalked *the Devil himself!* He had come to claim the body as the priests had threatened.

"Giugliano looked up, by no means dismayed at the horrible sight before him, and rose calmly from his seat to receive his visitor. *Such* bravery!

"The devil was dressed in black, of course. His horns glowed with a strange light; his hands, stretched forward, were smoking with sulphurous fumes; his whole person was enveloped with a cloud of brimstone smoke. *Dio*, what a horrible vision!

"As he slowly approached the bier, Giugliano quickly interposed himself, but without drawing his foil, and exclaimed,

"'*Back*, fiend! Be you man or devil, if you advance one step farther, you shall learn—'

"Before he had time to finish his words, the devil made a snatch at the corpse; but, quicker than lightning, Giugliano had drawn his rapier, and with a skillful aim, pierced the foul fiend through the heart.

"Down dropped the devil with a terrible groan, and Giugliano rushed upon him and tore off his mask. You will not be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you that he discovered that he had killed one of those very same old priests who had annoyed Paolo in his last hours.

"Giugliano allowed the priest to remain where he had fallen; but he was in terror lest the brethren of the fiend—who, he judged, might be waiting the result of the attempt, and might come to aid him, or, at least, to carry away the new corpse before daylight—and witnesses should expose them. So he went to the outer door in hopes of seeing some one to whom he might call. Fortunately some student-friends of the Corsicans, who were sitting at an open window near by, discovered Giugliano, and came immediately to the door. They, too, had imagined that the priests might try to execute their own threats, and had sat up watching. As soon as they arrived, Giugliano pointed them to the dead body of the priest, and showed them his rapier. They recognized the *padre*, and applauded the bravery of Giugliano.

"Doubtless the priests were somewhere near by, but they were probably aware of the coming of the students, and were unwilling to expose themselves in attempting to rescue their comrade.

"At half past four, Giugliano assisted by the students, carried Paolo's corpse to the station-house, and at five the train departed with the two friends. No one offered to restrain them. The priests dared not take any steps to arrest Giugliano, for there is no law against killing the devil, and they were, of course, unwilling to charge him with having murdered a priest; for the students were witnesses that the priest and the devil were one and the same.

"So Giugliano got off unmolested, and it has been heard that he arrived safely at Corsica, and fulfilled to the letter the vow he had made to his dying friend.

"The whole story, you may be sure, was not long kept secret, and there are very many who are pleased to repeat to their friends, '*Il Diavolo è morto, a Pisa!*'"

My *padrona's* story was corroborated not long after by several of my acquaintances at Florence. The news, indeed, spread rapidly and widely, and there is such an under-current of dislike, rather *hatred*, for the priesthood in Tuscany, that all, especially the young men, took delight in repeating the expression, "The Devil is dead! The Devil is dead!"

My landlady herself, who was a devout Catholic, often talked with me about the scandalous conduct of the priests. "Our religion," she once said, "is in itself most holy and profitable, but in the hands of these vile priests, it is wickedly abused. I go to confession as seldom as I can, for the priest assails me with questions about my lodgers, my lovers, my relations—about every thing; they have no *business* to ask me such questions; and I am glad that one of them, at least, has met the reward of his villainy."

In a few weeks after the event narrated, the young men of Florence very commonly amused themselves by repeating the announcement of the decease of the devil in the ears of the priests whom they passed in the streets. One of my friends was particularly fond of communicating this intelligence, and I have been with him often in Via Calzaiolj, when he would hurry to pass a priest in advance of us, on purpose to say to me in a loud tone as we brushed by, "Have you heard the news? The *Devil* is dead! He died just now at Pisa!"

This became so general, and was so annoying to the priests, that soon a police regulation was published to the effect that no one should repeat the phrase in public.

The writer may appeal for the truth of his narrative to any one who lived in Florence during the year 1853.

FALSE MARRIAGE AND FOUL MURDER.

THE good people of Rochefort, in the province of Auvergne (France), were startled one morning of November, 1787, by the announcement that Jean Meunier, a rich farmer of the vicinity, had been found on the roadside near his house barbarously murdered. The alarm quickly brought to the spot half the inhabitants of the village with all the farmers and *vendangeurs* of the neighborhood, who had known Meunier from childhood; and before noon M. Séguier, the Mayor, organized his inquest, and proceeded to investigate the particulars of the terrible affair. Jean Meunier was a widower without children. His wife had died two years before the murder; and to take charge of his household he had engaged Lise or Lisette Boivin, a young and rather handsome woman, as housekeeper. Lise had managed his domestic affairs with the utmost prudence. Neighbors, seeing that Jean was a hale, hearty fellow, but little past middle age, had from the first conjectured that he and his housekeeper would eventually make a match of it; and at last a rumor had obtained currency that they had been secretly married by the Calvinistic minister at Clermont, whither the pair occasionally resorted to market. When teased with the report, Lise uniformly behaved so as to convince the gossips of its truth; indeed, on one or two occasions had confessed, confidentially, to her intimates that the ceremony had actually been performed, and that nothing but the anxiety of Jean not to offend a wealthy maiden aunt, then supposed to be in her last illness, and from whom he had great expectations, prevented a public disclosure of the union. The other persons of the Meunier family were Filippo Astri, a Piedmontese, assistant farmer, who had been employed six months before, Martin Bron, a boy of eighteen, Marie Pétau, the dairy-maid, and her brother, Germain Pétau, a lad of a dozen years. These, when questioned, had always confessed that, while Lise and Jean did not occupy the same sleeping apartment, they behaved when together as man and wife, although a certain coolness had sprung up between them since the coming into the family of Astri, a fine athletic man of some twenty-five summers, whose *beaux yeux* had already bewitched all the womankind of the canton.

The first witness summoned before the Mayor was this same Italian, who testified, that, having had holiday the day before, he had gone to Clermont; whence, protracting his revels with some friends at the *Lion d'Or*, he had not set out homeward until nine o'clock in the evening. While there, a light fall of snow had occurred, but the clouds blowing off left him a bright moonlight for his journey. It was nearly morning when he entered the road leading up to the house. He had hardly passed the gate, situated some three hundred yards from the dwelling, when he observed tracks of a cart in the snow, diverging from the road and leading into a grove close at hand. A moment's reflection had taught him that the vehicle, whosesoever it might be, had not left the wood, since there was but one passage through the underbrush; so, following the trace, he presently found his master's horse and cart, with the wheels of the latter wedged between two saplings, so as to prevent the movement of the former. There were tracks about it in the slight snow-fall that had made its way through the trees, and by the diminished light Filippo had discovered evidences of a fierce and desperate struggle, with a pool of blood, and scattered drops of the same, on the ground. There was a break in the bushes as if a heavy body had been dragged through them; following which, Filippo came to the corpse of John Meunier, weltering in gore, lifeless, stiff; penetrated with a dozen frightful stabs. Horrified, he had at once rushed to the house, aroused the boys, and sent them to the neighbors to procure assistance. When these came, the whole grove was examined with the aid of torches; the search extended over all the country around, without finding any traces of the perpetrator; and messengers dispatched to Clermont to give notice of the fact, and procure the aid of the *gens d'armes* and civic police. The body, Filippo testified, when raised to be removed to the house, was found to have upon it an old and valuable watch, which Jean had inherited from his grandfather, together with his purse, well filled with louis-d'or. Other witnesses corroborated this testimony; thus showing that plunder could not have been the motive of the dreadful crime. One neighbor, when sworn, testified that he had seen Meunier passing up the Rochefort road in his cart, within a quarter of a mile of his own gate, at eight o'clock the night before. The storekeeper, corroborated by three villagers who had been lounging by the stove, testified that Meunier had parted from him at half-past seven, well, sober, and in unusually good spirits, intending to go directly home. The Mayor directed the tracks in the snow to be measured and examined. Those made by the deceased were, of course, easily identified. The murder had obviously been committed by one person, as bloody foot-marks, made by a sabot, on the sole of which the holy cross had been engraved, could be traced for some distance from the scene into the road. With this sabot those worn by Astri corresponded, but he reiterated his asseverations that the marks had been made when, after his frightful discovery, he had started for the village to give the alarm, but changing his mind, had sought the house. After a hasty and fruitless sifting of the testimony, and failure to implicate any one, or to find a motive for the crime, it was admitted that the case was surrounded with mystery, which no facts then discoverable could elucidate. Astri was nevertheless detained in custody for several days, when witnesses from Clermont offered themselves to swear that he was with them on the fatal night until nine o'clock, and could not, therefore, have been present at a scene of crime at the same hour twenty miles away. The alibi being indisputable, the prisoner was necessarily discharged. In the mean time Lisette had encountered the heir-at-law coming to take possession with a certificate of marriage between Jean Meunier and herself, performed three months before by the venerable curé of St. Germain, Clermont; and confirmed by the records of that church. A fact so attested was not to be disputed; and agreeably to the custom of the lordship of Rochefort, the widow was invested with all the real estate of the deceased as a life interest; while Etienne Meunier, notary of Clermont, the nephew and heir-at-law of the deceased, appropriated the personal effects. Three months after, Lise Boivin and Filippo Astri were married by the same parish priest who had performed the previous ceremony, and in the same parish church.

The suspicions momentarily excited against Astri, were revived in the breast of Etienne Meunier, when he heard of this sudden marriage. Jealousy and hatred of Lisette Boivin, who, by her overpowering influence, had robbed him and his children of one of the most valuable vineyard-farms of the province, of course, stimulated these suspicions, and sharpened the professional acuteness of the notary. The fate of Jean Meunier become once more the topic of discussion, upon the unusually prompt remarriage of the widow. It was discussed at a social *réunion* at the house of the nephew where the Père Vincent, the curé who had officiated at the two ceremonies, was present, and who incidentally remarked the want of family resemblance between the murdered man, whom he had only seen at the church during evening service on the day of his marriage, and Etienne, and others of the Meuniers, whom he had known intimately. He particularly dwelt upon the odd contrast which had impressed him between his hair, which was red and bushy, and his singularly black eye. "Black!" exclaimed Etienne and his wife at one breath: "Uncle Jean's eye was light blue; you are surely mistaken M. le Curé." But M. le Curé persisted; the oddity had too strongly impressed him at the time, and had been more deeply stamped on his memory by the talk the transaction had subsequently occasioned. At this moment the eldest son of M. Etienne Meunier interposed to say, that a school-mate of his, one of the choir-boys of the parish church, had told him something more strange than that; he had seen the same couple—who they were he knew not—married twice within six months; only the man, the first time, had worn a queer-looking wig, which made him look like a bugaboo. The conviction naturally suggested by these stories flashed simultaneously upon the minds of all present. The boy, Maurice Urbain, was sent for; his tale repeated. M. Meunier cross-examined him thoroughly, found the dates to correspond, and binding the company to secrecy, took steps forthwith to institute a civil action for the recovery of his uncle's landed property. The complaint was carefully worded so as to allege a mere formal defect in the pretended marriage-ceremony between Jean and Lise, as the ground of action. In due time the cause came to trial before the magistrates of Auvergne, presided over by the intendant of the province. The interval M. Meunier had improved by accumulating a mass of evidence that could not fail of producing conviction, not only with regard to the marriage, but also respecting the murder. Of this evidence M. and Madame Astri had no intimation. They were left to suppose the case of the plaintiff rested upon an omission to publish the bans of the first marriage; which Lise was prepared to meet with the Episcopal dispensation. With their counsel they were therefore in confident attendance at the tribunal hours before the case was opened, and there also was a crowd thronging the hall of friends, neighbors, and interested strangers, hopeful of some clew to the mysterious tragedy.

The first witness called—there is no such thing as a formal opening of a case in the French courts—was Father Vincent, who testified to the regularity of the preliminaries and ceremonies attending the disputed nuptials. The faces of Filippo and Lise beamed with triumph. When asked if he had ever seen the bridegroom before facing him at the altar, he confessed that he had not; and when required to describe the person, gave a portraiture which answered to the murdered man in every respect, except that the eyes were black. Lise and Filippo had obviously taken the alarm at the direction of the evidence, and listened with an exhibition of intensest interest. Maurice Urbain, the lad referred to, was next sworn. He was one of the alto singers in the choir; but one evening of the previous summer he had lingered after service, attracted by the fact that the priest remained and the lights were not extinguished as usual; and concealing himself behind a pillar, near the chancel, had witnessed the secret marriage of Mademoiselle Boivin to a person answering in all respects to the delineation given by the holy father, and who was called in the service Jean Meunier. He had been impressed with the appearance of the bridegroom from the fact of his wearing so hideous a wig, when, thanks to a stray lock of perfectly black hair which had escaped accidentally behind, he knew the man's hair was not only black, but abundant beneath the unhandsome covering. He proceeded to testify that only a month before the moment of deposition he had been called upon to assist as altar-boy at vespers, when there came forward to be married Madame Meunier and the same man who had appeared with her before, but in his own natural hair. He could not be mistaken, and joined the curé in pointing out Astri, who was leaning over the gallery, as the bridegroom in both cases. M. Mignon, a watch-maker of Clermont, was called to the stand. M. Etienne Meunier had brought to him a watch to be repaired, which he recognized as the same which the uncle had frequently left with him for the same object. He had asked M. Etienne whether he was aware that the case had a false lining, opened by a secret spring, a fact he had formerly discovered by accident. Finding M. Etienne incredulous, he had proceeded to open the spring when there fell out a small piece of gauze-paper with the hand-writing and signature of Jean Meunier upon it. The paper, which the horologer produced, and which was proved by half a dozen witnesses to be in the hand-writing of the deceased, read thus:

"Having reason to apprehend that a false rumor of my marriage to Lise Boivin may obtain belief, and also having recently suffered from a presentiment of evil which I can not shake off, I deem it prudent to provide against the worst by stating thus solemnly, for the information of my nephew, Stephen, to whom, in the event of my death, this watch at least will go, that I have never been married to that woman, and that if evil come to me, it will be well to cause her arrest and examination. Since I gave her notice to leave my service at New-Year, she has repeatedly but vaguely threatened me with vengeance. JEAN MEUNIER.

"*Fête de St. Martin, 1787.*"

The day was that before the murder. The marriage was alleged to have taken place on the 13th of August preceding. The plaintiff therefore charged that Astri had been employed to personate Meunier on that day; that the marriage was therefore fraudulent; that Lise had never been the wife of the dead man; and he therefore claimed the judgment of the court restoring to him, as heir-at-law, the lands and possessions of the uncle. The counsel for the defense admitted when called upon that they had nothing to urge against the plaintiff's case. It had taken them by surprise. They begged a few moments to consult with their clients. While they retired to do so, Etienne Meunier advanced to the tribune, and begged that orders of arrest be issued against Filippo and Lise Astri for the murder of Jean Meunier. The clerk was instructed to fill the necessary blanks. Presently the lawyers of the defendants re-entered and declared that their clients were in utter consternation, and unable to furnish any evidence to rebut the case of the prosecution. The court, they submitted, could only give judgment in the usual course. Lise, they added, and her husband had already left the castle. The warrants were at once delivered to the officers, who, after three hours' hard riding among the passes of the Puy de Dôme, found the fugitives at the Meunier homestead, hastily packing up money and clothes, preparatory to a continuation of their flight. Filippo fought desperately, but vainly. Both were arrested, bound, and next day the dungeons of the old chateau at Clermont received them.

In due time the criminal cause was brought on before the provincial parliament, and was attended by thousands whom the fame of the

murder had interested. Not only was the *procureur du roi* provided with the evidence of the sham marriage, strengthened by the testimony of a new witness, the traveling agent of the *fermier general* of the revenues, who recollected transacting business with Jean Meunier at Rochefort, early in August, and who, upon turning to his books, found by the entry that it was the same evening upon which Jean was alleged to have been married at the church in Clermont; not only, we say, was he armed with these proofs, but with others more direct, pointing almost conclusively to Filippo as having perpetrated the murder at the suggestion and instigation of Lise Boivin. The witnesses who had sworn to the alibi before the Mayor, had proved to have belonged to a company of gipsies; and had, with one exception, disappeared. The one exception, disgusted at the refusal of Lise to meet his extravagant demands for hush-money, had gone to the authorities, made affidavit that his previous evidence had been false; that Astri, on the night of the murder, had left Clermont at night-fall, riding one of two post-horses, returning to Aurillac; and might easily, therefore, have reached Rochefort by seven or eight o'clock. He testified that Lise had found him and the others before the summons from the Mayor of Rochefort had been served upon them, and by paying them thirty crowns a piece, and urging the gipsy blood in her husband's veins to move their sympathy, had engaged them to commit perjury. The witness was corroborated by Germain Pétau, one of the boys who had seen him at the farm-house, and had overheard one night a quarrel in Madame Astri's apartment, in which the fellow's voice rose high, angrily threatening exposure of the whole business unless further bribed. Marie Pétau, the dairy-maid, in clearing out a sink near the well-house, had turned up a rusted knife, which, upon examination, proved to be one formerly belonging to Filippo. The point and half the blade being gone, she had used it for scraping her pans until she learned that, when the body of her old master had been exhumed for more careful examination and dissection, the point of a knife had been found sticking firmly in the spine, the weapon of which it was part having passed through the sternum and heart. She then carried the fragment she had found to the magistrate, who fitted the fracture together, and completed the word "*vengeur*," the four last letters of which had been enameled on the point. The gipsy before mentioned testified that such a knife, with that inscription, Filippo had used to cut his brown bread with during their revel at Clermont. The two boys on the farm swore they knew it to be Filippo's; while Martin Bron, the elder, made oath that, on that fatal morning, when dispatched by Filippo to alarm the neighbors, he had looked back, and seen the prisoner fling something, he could not tell what, into the sink. The daughter of Brune, the miller, who lived half a mile away by the creek, had been awakened that night by a distant cry of murder, echoed by the hills, and feeling nervous, she had risen, and was looking from her window about 11 o'clock, when she noticed a man crawl stealthily down to the water's edge, on the opposite shore, and, after apparently satisfying himself that he was unobserved, fling a heavy bundle into the pond. A rumor of the girl's story had reached M. Etienne, who caused the stream to be dragged, and brought up a large stone wrapped in a blouse and shirt, which chemical tests proved had been saturated with blood, and witnesses attested to have been the property of Filippo Astri. Such was the case of the crown. There was scarcely an attempt to overthrow it, weak as it was. One or two witnesses were called for the defense, but spoke mainly to character, without possessing any themselves. The President, after listening to the eloquent appeals of the advocates, declared that the evidence of the murder was singularly significant, yet not complete. There was proof of sufficient motive to commit the act on the part of the accused; a singular tissue of evidence to incriminate Astri as the murderer and Lise as his accessary; and yet, as there was so much dependent on the questionable testimony of the gipsy, and as there was obviously a possibility that an entirely different party was guilty, he could not venture to inflict the extreme penalty of the law. He could only punish for the fraudulent marriage, aggravating the sentence to the utmost, in view of the possible guilt of the parties; whereupon Astri was condemned to the galleys for life, and Lise for the same period to the House of Correction.

The latter, worn out with shame and excessive labor, died at the end of a year, revealing, at her last moment, the whole history of her crime. Enamored of Pippo, as she called Astri, she had proposed the murderous scheme, which resulted in the destruction of her master. No time had been fixed for the deed; and between the period when the false marriage was accomplished, as a necessary preliminary of the plot, and the night of the murder, no safe opportunity had presented itself for its perpetration. Even then the act was partly accidental. Filippo arriving at the gate at the same moment as Meunier, had opened it and let him pass. Meunier had paused to give him a seat in the cart, when the devilish prompting occurred to him that the right moment had come, and, springing into the cart, he plunged his knife into the back of the driver. Meunier cried murder, and strove desperately for his life; and the reins becoming entangled, and guiding the frightened horse from the track, he rushed wildly into the wood, where Astri completed the wicked fact. Unable to extricate the horse without, by the noise, attracting notice, he had remained for a short time concealed, until certain that all were asleep at the house, when he crept thither in the shadow of the trees, and, climbing upon the shed, tapped lightly at Lise's window. She, sitting up to let in her master, raised the curtain, and recognized her lover. He was, of course, admitted forthwith, the story told in a terrified whisper, and counsel held as to the best mode of concealing their guilt. She pronounced it impossible, without risk of detection, to wash the blood from the shirt and blouse. She obliged him to substitute others for them, and sent him to bury the evidences of the crime beneath the waters of the creek. It was also agreed that, before daylight, he should give the alarm, and relate the story as detailed in the first instance. All succeeded to a marvel. The first sun of the morning thawed the snow on the shed over which Filippo had climbed, and obliterated all traces of his admission to the house before the alarm was given. What followed we have narrated already. After three or four months of perfect security came the sudden shock of the civil action, and from that day all happiness and peace of mind had deserted her forever; and, broken in health and bankrupt of hope, she had eagerly awaited the approach of death. After receiving absolution from the ghostly father, it happily came.

Astri had served but three years of his life-long term when the eruption of the French Revolution gave liberty to the entire chain-gang in the south of France. He was afterward seen in Paris at the head of the Marseilles mob, who went thither to join in the festival of the Champs de Mai; but, as he disappeared shortly after, it is supposed he perished in some of the many street-fights of the metropolis. His story still holds its place among the French *causes celebrés*.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN INDIA are much more numerous than is generally supposed; and their Church is more perfectly organized than any other Christian Church there. They have archbishops, bishops, priests, and deacons; and a great part of Southern India is divided into dioceses and regular parishes. In addition to this native Catholic population, three-fourths of the British troops in India are Roman Catholics. The Indian Government holds an equal bearing toward all Christian Churches, co-operating with them in their schools, and providing places and pecuniary aid for public service for the regiments. The Churches and the Government work together for the regeneration of India. Following the suggestion of Lord Metcalf, Governor-General some years ago, the British Government considers India as its ward, and is endeavoring to educate it so as to bring it within the pale of Christian civilization.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND has been for some years a difficult problem. The British Government devised a munificent and liberal system, entitled *The Queen's Colleges*, with their preparatory and dependent schools, and offered the advantages to the whole population of Ireland equally, restraining the direct instruction to secular subjects, and leaving religion to be taught under the direction of the Church which the parents or students might choose. The most enlightened Roman Catholic prelates, clergy, and people, are satisfied with the arrangements of the Queen's Colleges; but a large portion of the Church are opposed; declaring that education is not a matter properly belonging to the State, but to the parents or family of the pupil. To counteract the action of the Queen's Colleges, a new Catholic university has been established in Dublin, toward which $240,000 are said to have been contributed by the Catholics of the United States. The question of co-operating or not co-operating with the Queen's Colleges divides the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and a warm discussion has been carried on for some time in the *Tablet*. The advantage seems to be with the Government system, which, in truth, forms an equitable and admirable system of liberal education, accessible to all the people. The Pope, it is understood, has at last given his countenance to the Queen's Colleges.

THE PROGRESS OF POLITICAL ROMAN CATHOLICISM shows itself in two ways; *first*, by a closer and more effective alliance of the Church with the State in Catholic countries, as in France, Austria, Italy; *secondly*, by a release of the Roman Catholic Church from restraints heretofore imposed by Anti-Catholic states, as in England, and in Norway, and, as appears by late news, in Russian Poland. So long ago as 1848, a concordat was agreed on between Russia and the Holy See, looking to the relief of the Catholic Church in Russian Poland. This concordat has just been published in Poland, and the following notice of it is taken from the Dublin *Tablet* of January 3:

The *Univers* announces the important fact of the publication, in the kingdom of Poland, of the concordat between the Holy See and Russia, concluded in the year 1848, but which has not as yet been put in execution. Though many of the points settled in the concordat were of the deepest interest, many others were left for subsequent discussion, on which a solution is yet expected. The Papal allocution of July 3, 1848, enumerates these points as follows: Free communication with the Holy See; restitution of the property of the Church; the withdrawal of the lay envoy of the Government at all meetings of the bishops; the repeal of the law by which the blessing of a non-Catholic priest is required for the validity of mixed marriages; the right of Catholics to have their matrimonial causes in mixed marriages judged by a Catholic tribunal; and the repeal of the laws which fix the age for religious professions, destroy conventual schools, and prohibit all conversions to Catholicity. Numerous and weighty as are the grievances of the Church in Poland, every step which indicates any disposition, however slight, to repair the injuries of late years is welcome, and may, we trust, be hailed as a forerunner of substantial justice.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM, where they exist peacefully and equally together, mutually modify each other to some extent. But it is apparent that the stronger Protestant element acts more powerfully on the Catholic body than does the Catholic element on the Protestant body. As, for instance, in Protestant countries the Catholic Church has called to her aid, in substance, the peculiar institutions of Protestantism, such as the Sunday school, the tract and book publication and distribution, Young Men's Christian Associations, with lectures; and more particularly, lately, the protracted and revival meetings of Protestants, under the form and name of *Retreats*. These Retreats are, in substance, protracted meetings conducted through a longer or shorter period, with fasting and prayer, and under the direction of some ardent, and often eloquent priest. They are scarcely known, except where the advance of Protestantism compels their introduction. The following account of one in the Diocese of Liverpool, England, will serve as a specimen. We doubt not but that they greatly tend to the revival of religion within the Roman Catholic Church:

The Retreat which, during the past fortnight, has been given at St. Peter's, Seel Street, closed on Sunday night with that solemn, impressive, and consoling ceremony, "the renewal of the baptismal vows."

The church was crowded to excess, and from the earnestness with which every one present appeared to enter into the devotion, it required but little discernment to discover that they had partaken of the blessings and the extraordinary graces which the mercy of God placed within their reach, and had assembled for the purpose of confirming the good resolutions into which they had entered, by a solemn promise, made under the most solemn circumstances, thus placing, as it were, the seal on their conversion, "by being born again," as the zealous missioner termed it, "and entering on their own responsibility into the engagements which had been made for them by their sponsors at baptism."

The devotion was conducted by the Very Reverend Father Rinolfi, and was opened with a short address explanatory of the ceremony in which all had assembled to take part. The pastors of the church having read aloud, in the presence of their assembled flock, the Ten Commandments from the Book of Exodus, the very reverend father explained at great length the sins and offenses which were forbidden, and the duties which were thereby enjoined, and, in the most emphatic manner, denounced the sins so prevalent in the present day, characteristic of the age of infidelity in which we live, and which were calling loud for the vengeance of Heaven upon the unhappy perpetrators. At the conclusion of this fervent address a profession of faith was made, and the Most Blessed Sacrament having been exposed, the entire congregation, each person bearing a lighted candle, repeated after the reverend father, in the presence of the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and, as it were, with one voice, a solemn promise to renounce Satan and all his attractions, and to commence from that moment a new life. The Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was then given; after which the Papal blessing was bestowed by Father Rinolfi, the impressive scene concluding with the "Te Deum."

THE INQUISITION AND MAGNETISM.—In an encyclical letter of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, dated July 30, 1856, addressed to all the bishops, Magnetic Spiritualism is denounced without measure. But in this denunciation the Inquisition takes good care not to include Magnetism as it stands related to physical science.

ROMAN CATHOLICS entertain sanguine expectations of a great advance of their Church in England. The following paragraph from the *Plymouth Journal*, England, indicates one of the grounds on which this expectation rests:

CONVERSION.—A correspondent says: "We understand that the Rev. R. Howell, Vicar of St. Veep, near Lostwithiel, has, within the last few days, become a Catholic. This is one of those cases in which every consideration has been made to give way to conscientious conviction—for Mr. Howell is one of those men who had every prospect of preferment, and every thing in his immediate circumstances calculated to detain him. If the truth were known, there are not a few other clergymen who would follow in his steps in the County of Cornwall were they to allow honest conviction to surmount other considerations."

THREE AUSTRALIANS IN THE PROPAGANDA AT ROME.—Rev. P. Bataillon, a Catholic bishop of Australia, who has been laboring there for twenty years as a missionary of the Roman Catholic Church, has recently brought three young natives of Australia to the Propaganda of Rome in order to have them educated as priests. They were received with great joy, for they are the first Australians who prepare for the priesthood. At the next literary meeting of the Propaganda they were expected to deliver some pieces of poetry in their dialect, which is hailed as a valuable addition to the forty or more languages already represented in this greatest polyglot institute of the world.

THE JESUITS IN BELGIUM.—The Jesuits have recently purchased at Verviers a magnificent hotel at a cost of 350,000 francs, and intend to change it into a boarding-school, in connection with which a commercial institute will be established. In Brussels they own one-half of a whole street, where they have erected on both sides new buildings, which have the appearance of spacious palaces. In addition to this they have recently bought a large hotel in another part of the city, and are on the point of buying a still more spacious building in one of the suburbs. They have now established themselves in twelve Belgian towns. Only the two provinces of Luxembourg and Limbourg are not yet blessed with their presence.

THE war in China is embarrassing missionary operations very much. It has already broken up all the stations in the immediate vicinity of Canton. Whether the difficulty will extend northward to Ningpo, Amoy, Fuh Chau, and Shanghai is uncertain, but it is to be feared it will. We shall look with anxiety for news from China. The following paragraph from a recent London paper will explain the state of matters in Canton and its vicinity:

Immediately after the collision between the British and the Chinese at Canton it appears that the Chinese Governor General, Yeh, proclaimed a reward of $200 for the head of every foreigner. Four German missionaries—Mr. Lobschild (of the Chinese Evangelization Society) and Mr. Genaher, Mr. Winins, and Mr. Louis (of the Rhenish Missionary Society), laboring at stations on the main land of China, varying from thirty to fifty miles' distance from the British island of Hong Kong, were placed thereby in circumstances of imminent peril. By the prompt and humane interposition and help of the Governor, Sir John Bowring, a party of British soldiers and sailors was dispatched in a steamer to a part of the Chinese coast situated nearest to the missionary station, and were in time to save two of the missionaries, who were on the point of being murdered by some lawless Chinese, instigated by the hope of head-money. It is with deep regret that we announce that the outbreak of war has put a stop to all missionary operations for the present. Schools, native teachers, medical missions, and the missionaries themselves have been dispersed with considerable loss, in some instances, of property, books, and furniture. The hospital established by the London Missionary Society is deserted, and the missionary family has been obliged to retire to Hong Kong. The Rev. George Piercy, and the Rev. Josiah Cox, with the rest of the Wesleyan Mission, will for some time be withdrawn from Canton. The American Presbyterian Mission has suffered still more severely, having had its premises and property destroyed by the fire which broke out under the bombardment, and three of the missionaries having been obliged to depart for Macao.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

"STICK TO YOUR FARM," is a text preached from very often, and sometimes to very little purpose. It is generally admitted that a man will scarce ever succeed fully—that is to say, profitably develop all his powers—in a pursuit for which, however well he may be fitted for it mentally and physically, he has a rooted aversion; and, on the contrary, that then only is the man likely to attain the maximum of success and happiness, when he has found that sphere of employment in which he shall be able contentedly to fulfill all his duties.

"*Stick to your Farm*" is, therefore, a piece of advice which may be volunteered to the wrong person—to one, namely, whose turn of mind would lead him to a better success in some other and more congenial pursuit, and who can regard a farm life only as a disagreeable mode of eking out a livelihood for himself and those dependent upon him.

Such cases are, however, exceptional. Most of the disgust at country life, prevalent among young farmers, arises, we take it, from the fact that their occupation is, by a wrong philosophy, made so unnecessarily disagreeable to them, as to force the aspiring spirit to seek for a more congenial life.

Where labor is slavish drudgery, accomplished only by "main strength and stupidness," unaided by the mental ingenuity with which the Creator intended man should make up for lack of mere physical strength—where relaxation is utter and thoughtless idleness—where amusements are coarse and animal rather than intellectual, and refinement is scouted at as not belonging properly to the tiller of the soil—where such a condition of things obtains to any degree, greater or less, it is unavoidable that the individual most highly gifted by nature should turn away absolutely from that state to one more congenial, more elevating, and satisfying.

Now country life is not necessarily made up of such disagreeable and earthly concomitants as those above-mentioned. In these days of improved machinery, the intelligent farmer need not undergo toil more severe or exhausting than is wholesome for body and mind. With the facilities for obtaining useful information, the poorest may usefully store his mind and improve his immortal part. The press teems with matter agreeable, useful, intellectual; and certainly no city man laboring for his bread has the same amount of time to devote to the development of his intellectual powers as has the fore-handed farmer. Of no one has the State cause to expect so much, in the way of contributions to the happiness of its citizens, as of the farmer. No one has it so much in his power to preserve constantly that happiest personal condition—"a sound mind in a sound body."

There is no reason why the farmer should be less refined than his brother of the city. There is no just cause why his wife should not be as lady-like, his children as intelligent as those of the city man. On the contrary, in so far as he is his own employer, master of his own time and labor, and, more than all, engaged in a business where there is ever room for improvement, ever something to whet up his ingenuity, and keep his mind active, he *should* be the happiest, that is to say, the most intelligent and easiest-circumstanced person in the community.

Not until he attains this condition, and thus feels himself, at the very least, the equal of the most independent city man, will it cease to be necessary to say to the aspiring young farmer, "Stick to your farm!"

THOSE who intend to try the Chinese sugar-cane on their farms during the approaching season, should be careful, in the first instance, to procure the genuine seed. This so closely resembles the seed of broom-corn, that no doubt many persons will be cheated by having trash of that kind put upon them at high prices.

It should be put down in a warm mellow soil, which has been well plowed and pulverized. For purposes of raising seed, one pound to an acre is thought sufficient. It should be planted in drills, from four and a half to five feet apart, east and west. It must be carefully weeded, as the growing plant is very slight and frail; and, where grown for seed, should be *suckered*. The seed is ripe when hard and black.

STARCH made from Indian corn has been recently successfully used by some of the linen-bleachers of Ireland. The experiment has not been conducted on an extensive scale; but those who have tried it speak highly of the qualities of Indian corn starch. Of course, if it can be produced to equal wheat starch, its superior cheapness would soon bring it into extensive use among the bleachfields of Ireland, and create a large demand for the article.

HOW to harden tallow for candles is a problem which many a farmer's wife has studied over unsuccessfully. The tallow naturally softest is that made from stall-fed and very fat cattle. The hard-

est comes from lean or grass-fed cattle. Manufacturers of candles harden their tallow by means of chemically disuniting the oil, or soft part, from it. This, however, requires too complicated an operation to be used by farmers. A good plan where only sufficient is made for home use, is to mix beeswax with the tallow, at the rate of one pound of the wax to ten of fat. If too much wax is used, the candles will, on cooling, ring or crack to a great extent.

Grape-vines may be trimmed at any time during the winter. It is usually advised to prune in February. Done before the first week in March, vines will seldom bleed badly. It is not well to trim after the last of February, unless the ground is deeply frozen and covered with snow.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Improvements in Photography.—In the London papers we notice the report of divers successful experiments in the photographic art. The substitution of paper for the metallic plate used in the old daguerreotype, while it avoided the unpleasant glare inevitable during the early stages of the art, was attended by this disadvantage, that what was gained in perspicuity was lost in delicacy. Paper, from its fibrous nature, absorbs the middle tints, and hence, in the case of colored works, the artist was forced, by stippling, to supply the defects of the photographer. The chemical properties of ivory render that substance inapplicable to the purposes of the art, but by a compound of sulphate of barytes and albumen a material has been obtained that has the appearance and close texture of ivory, without any of the resisting qualities. The middle tints of the "negative" are thus accurately reproduced, and, by a simple wash of color, the artist executes a work equal in finish to the old ivory miniatures, endowed with all the truthfulness proper to photography. It is estimated that, by the use of this new material, a portrait that, under the old system, would have required a month for its completion, can now be finished in two days. The method of producing the figure and the background from separate "negatives" receives new development from this invention, as the *nuances* of distance become more capable of exact imitation.

Application of Aluminum.—When the process of obtaining this new metal was first discovered, hopes were entertained that it would take the place of silver as the metal of domestic elegance. These hopes have been scarcely realized. It is true that the metal does not blacken by exposure to sulphureous exhalations like silver, but it tarnishes by exposure to moisture, and it is damaged by contact with warm water. Moreover, it is blue in aspect, more like zinc than silver, and therefore less attractive. But uses for aluminum are dawning that were little anticipated on the discovery of the metal. It is now being employed in the casting of bells. No metal, or combination of metals, yields a tone so musically sweet when struck as aluminum. Provided, therefore, the cost of its production be not too great, no metal can compare with aluminum for casting of bells. Its value now is about one-third that of silver, and there is every reason to believe that it will become hereafter much cheaper.

Valuable Mines of lead, silver, and copper have been discovered, and to some extent have been recently developed, in Cherokee county, in Georgia.

Peruvian Bark.—The possibility of a quinine famine is exciting great apprehension in India, where fever is one of the common incidents of every-day life, and the Indian papers are urging the necessity of naturalizing the quinine-yielding cinchona-tree, as a movement of philanthropy as well as of agricultural economy. It is well known that the capacity of the Peruvian forests for supplying the world with cinchona bark is not unlimited, and that, while the supply is thus gradually diminishing, the demand for the drug over the whole world is yearly increasing. The Dutch have lately imported the plant into Java with apparent success. It has even been introduced into India, but on a very small scale—insufficient to test its success. The experiment, however, will now be renewed. In South America the quiniferous cinchona is limited to the Bolivian, Peruvian, and Columbian Andes, from latitudes 20° S. to 10° N., and to latititudes ordinarily varying from 1500 to 10,000, but sometimes amounting to 14,000, and even, under the equator, to 18,000 feet. The best bark is found in dry, rocky situations, at great heights, and in the coldest regions. In low and hot valleys the plant grows—it even grows luxuriantly—but the medicinal value of its bark vanishes. The Indian government, it is said, in order that the experiment may be fairly tried in British India, will send an experienced botanist to South America, empowered to select a cargo of plants for transport to India.

Calculating Machine.—M. Thomas, of Colmar, says the Paris *Moniteur*, has lately made the finishing improvements in the calculating machine called the Arithmometer, at which he has been working for upward of thirty years. This Arithmometer serves as a complete substitute for human intelligence in the combination of figures. It may be used without the least trouble or possibility of error, not only for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, but also for much more complex operations, such as the extraction of the square root, involution, the resolution of triangles, etc. A multiplication of eight figures by eight others is made in 18 seconds; a division of sixteen figures by eight figures in 24 seconds; and in 1½ minutes one can extract the square root of sixteen figures, and also prove the accuracy of the calculation. The Arithmometer adapts itself to every sort of combination. As an instance of the wonderful extent of its powers, we may state that it can furnish, in a few seconds products amounting to 999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999—a marvelous number, comparable to the infinite multitude of stars which stud the firmament, or the particles of dust which float in the atmosphere. The working of this instrument is, however, most simple. To raise or lower a nut-screw, to turn a winch a few times, and by means of a button to slide off a metal plate from left to right, or from right to left, is the whole secret. Instead of simply reproducing the operations of man's intelligence, the Arithmometer relieves that intelligence from the necessity of making the operations. Instead of repeating responses dictated to it, this instrument instantaneously dictates the proper answer to the man who asks it a question. It is not matter producing material effect, but matter which thinks, reflects, reasons, calculates, and executes all the most difficult and complicated arithmetical operations with a rapidity and infallibility which defy all the calculators in the world. The Arithmometer is, moreover, a simple instrument, of very little volume, and easily portable.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Hannah More says there are no evils in life except Sin and Bile.

There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

"Happy is he who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right, and Epictetas on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road."—W. S. Landor.

Some hearts are an epic poem, some the libretto of an opera, a few will furnish reading for all time.

LINES TO COLUMBUS.

Thou Luther of the darkened deep!
Nor less intrepid too than he,
Whose courage broke Earth's bigot sleep,
While thine unbarred the sea!

"Life is smothered in appliances."—Hedge.

Montaigne says, "The French language quails under a powerful conception." Lamartine calls himself a poet without a language; and some one else well says that the French language is best adapted to the eloquence of indifference.

Happiness—"A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion."

Religion and Power, like the Cariatides in sculpture, never face one another. They sometimes look the same way, but oftener stand back to back.

Sincere lover of truth, why do you not love her in such a manner as never to let her see you out of humor.

A woman is the genius of epistolary communication. Men always write better to a woman than to one of their own sex; no doubt they conjure up while writing the loving, listening face, the tender, pardoning heart, the ready tear of sympathy, and passionate confidences of heart and brain flow rapidly from the pen.

STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

I went to Frankfort and got drunk
With that most learned Professor Bunck,
I went to Wortz and got more drunken
With that more learned Professor Ruhnken.

R. Porson.

An Englishman seeing his countrymen annoyed by the dogs in the cities of Southern Europe, thus accounts for it:

"The native's walk is composed; the Englishman's walk is fussy. The native walks for the most part slowly; the Englishman walks quick. The native sets his foot quietly on the ground; the Englishman stamps. The upshot is, that the native passes along in silence, while the Englishman makes no end of noise. When in three strides Homer's Neptune ascended from the depths of ocean to the summit of Olympus, the mountain ranges and their forests, too, trembled as he trod. Now the Englishman, in his walk, being a son of Neptune, takes after his daddy. What wonder, therefore, when he goes clattering along in his hoofs through the purlieus of a southern city, if the dogs of the district take offense?"

Mr. Webster writes thus, in 1805, on the subject of his beauty:

"The discussion you had with the 'five ladies of Boston,' on the question whether Mr. W— was a 'plain man,' must have been, I think, very edifying. It requires, certainly, a vast variety of knowledge to manage this question creditably. You must, for instance, know geometry; for how could you speak of the angles of his phiz unless you understood decagons and rhomboids? And chemistry, and sculpture, and architecture, and gardening, would all be necessary. If, however, you will admit the reasoning of Granger, the Parisian, I can easily prove that I am the handsomest man in New England. This is the process: Boston is the handsomest town in New England; Tremont is the handsomest street in Boston; Scollay's are the handsomest buildings in Tremont Street; Christopher Gore's office is the handsomest room in Scollay's building; and I am (now) the handsomest man in Christopher Gore's office—*ergo*, I am the handsomest man in New England."

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. DAVIS, IN 1804.

"My Friend,—You have been too long a citizen of this world to expect permanency in any of its enjoyments. Untried as you may be in the school of affliction, and few and light as have been your misfortunes, compared with those of others, you must yet have seen—what every one, sooner or later, is compelled to see—that he who would raise a column of durable happiness, must not lay its foundation in the earth. Of all calamities, the loss of friends impresses most solemnly, because it is irretrievable. Ruined fortunes may be repaired; reputation, unjustly ravished, may be restored; enfeebled health may be renovated. But what shall repair the ruins of the grave?"

"Well and wisely is it ordained that men shall see their own presumptuous folly in the fate of others. Good or great characters' decease are lamented, and in a few brief moments forgotten.

"Who, then, shall be mad enough to think himself of consequence?

'Rebuking Heaven ne'er called with louder voice
On swelling mortals to be proud no more.'"

John Phœnix, Esq., put up at the Tremont House, Boston, and left his boots, at bedtime, outside the door of his room. There they stood uncleaned in the morning. "The people in this house," he said, "are very honest: my boots stood out here all night, and *no one* has touched them!"

The same eccentric John went to the theatre, when Mrs. Smith was advertised to appear in *two pieces*. After the performance he demanded the return of his money, for he said Mrs. Smith appeared *whole* during both performances.

Lord Eskgrove's butler gave his master notice that he must quit his service, because her Ladyship scolded him all the time. His master shrugged his shoulders and said, "You've little to complain of; you may be thankful you're not married to her."

Snooks had been reading a medical book. He ran to his doctor and declared he had symptoms of small-pox. "How do you feel?" asked the Doctor. "Oh, I don't know, but I have a great aversion to doing any thing." "How long have you had these symptoms?" "Well, I've always had 'em," said Snooks.

The London *Punch* has discovered and recommended a remedy for English pauperism. "He says, "I would have all the paupers seized and packed aboard ships (we have plenty of them) previously condemned. The vessels should be navigated into deep water (say the middle of the Atlantic), and there and then, with a firm hand, *scuttled*. (Of course, one sea-worthy vessel should provide for the safety of the persons sent upon this duty.)"

A correspondent of the London *Times* writing from Berlin states, that "with small pecuniary remuneration, and in the absence of any factitious *prestige* in society or high political rank for the Bishops, it is almost superfluous to mention that the Prussian nobility never enter the Church; there is no chance for any other qualities than *learning, piety, zeal, and capacity* to get on in the ecclesiastical career."

The Lord Bishop of Gloucester, at a recent ordination, ordered the candidates who attended to have all their needs supplied at his expense. The order was carried out except in the matter of brains and something to put in them.

Since the garotte has been introduced into the city, it is dangerous to walk out o' nights. "I say Bill," said one coachman to another, "this 'ere garrotin is bad business." "Not bad at all; I finds it uncommon good for my business, for all the timid old gents that used to walk takes a hack; it works well for me."

Never argue with a deaf man in a railroad car; it is sure to lead to high words.

One of our citizens complained the other day of a neighbor of his, Mr. Barnes, for keeping a nuisance on his premises. Mr. B. was brought up, and the fact being proved, he was fined. The complainant was merciful, and begged that the fine might be as moderate as possible. Mr. Barnes was mulcted $10, and, turning to the complaining neighbor, asked him to lend him the money, which he did on the spot. This, we take it, is literally loving your neighbor as yourself.

During the long session of the present Congress, while a member was "going it on the loud," and at railroad speed, Mr. ——, of the "Old Dominion," desired to "inject" a word or two by way of interrogatory. This courtesy the member declined; but soon afterward had to beckon a page to bring a glass of water. Seizing the moment when he placed it to his lips, the Virginian remarked, "As my friend has now arrived at a *water station*, I will take occasion to propound my question." That was one way to get a word in edgewise!

Peter Parley is the author and editor of one hundred and seventy volumes, of which over seven millions have been sold! He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times.

Landlord. "Good-morning, Mr. Jones. Fine day, Sir. I've taken the liberty of bringing a receipt for the quarter's rent."

Tenant. "Rent! Oh, ah! Due last week—you're quick on quarter-day, Mr. Brown. By-the-way, do you know that none of the doors in this house will shut?"

Landlord. "New house, you know, Sir. Must have time to settle."

Tenant. "And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good-morning."

[*Exit Landlord, unpaid, but unconvinced.*]

It is a difficult matter to make a good *impromptu*. The best are made at leisure, and slow at that.

He who finds happiness here in this world in subduing his desires, will have it in the next world in gratifying them.

The new bridge over the Thames leads to Parliament House, and *Punch* proposes to call it the "Pons Asinorum," or *Asses Bridge*.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, Feb. 9, 1857.*

The week which closed on Saturday witnessed the largest import of foreign goods into this port that we have ever known. The figures of the imports and exports, as compared with the corresponding week last year, are as follows:

	Export.	Import
1856	$1,319,112	$1,796,431
1857	1,074,202	6,411,241

The export of Specie was also half a million larger than that of the corresponding week in 1856. Altogether the month of February begins with an expansion of business that is well calculated to awaken, at the same time, brilliant anticipations and forebodings for the future.

In consequence of the loss of Specie, and the large amounts paid into the Sub Treasury for Duties, the Banks are beginning to be more cautious, and a very slight pressure has been felt in certain quarters in consequence. But Illinois Central Railroad Stock has not relapsed from its wonderful advance of $12 00 a share in a week; and the strenuous efforts made by the friends of the New York Central have delayed its natural participation in the general decline. Mercantile Paper, first class, sells for 8 and 9 per cent; almost any rate of interest is obtained by capitalists, who advance on securities less well known in the street.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, Feb. 9, 1857.*

Trade exhibited renewed vigor during the week. The latest European news was generally favorable. The harbor was partially cleared, and navigation was less difficult. The ice-embargo on the Atlantic Docks, Brooklyn, was broken up, and the large quantities of produce stored in that locality were rendered accessible. These circumstances served to impart life and steadiness to business. Breadstuffs have been rather more sought after, chiefly by home dealers, though, to a fair extent, by shippers; and, for most articles in the line, firmer rates have been secured. Western Canal Flour is up to $6 40 @ $7 00 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 65 @ $8 75 for extra brands; superfine to extra Canadian commands $6 40 @ $7 65; and mixed to extra Southern, $7 00 @ $9 00 per barrel. Fine to superfine Rye Flour is worth $3 50 @ $5 25, and Corn Meal $3 25 for Jersey, and $3 75 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is heavy and unsettled. It can not be quoted above $1 65 @ $1 80 for white, and $1 40 @ $1 60 for red, per bushel. Mixed Corn is freely offered and purchased at 70 @ 72 c. per bushel. Rye is dull, and down to 92 @ 96 c. per bushel. Oats range from 49 @ 51 c. for State, and 52 @ 54 c. for Western, per bushel. Cotton is brisk and buoyant. Middling Uplands close at 13¼, do. Gulf, at 13¾ c. per pound. Provisions are in fair demand, and, with the exception of Pork, which closes languidly at $20 25 @ $21 50 for mess, and $17 75 @ $18 00 for prime, per barrel—most articles bring a shade better prices. Country Mess Beef is up to $10 75 @ $13 00, Prime do. $9 50 @ $10 50 per barrel; Bacon 10 @ 11½ c., and Prime Lard, in barrels, 13¼ c. per pound. Groceries are in a little more demand, but prices have not varied much. Rio Coffee, 9¾ @ 11¼ c. per pound; New Orleans Molasses, 75 @ 76 c. per gallon; New Orleans Sugar, 9¼ to 11 c. per pound; and Carolina Rice, $3 25 @ $4 37½ per 100 pounds. Hay is saleable and steady at $1 00 @ $1 25 per 100 pounds. Hops are heavy and languid at 7 @ 10 c. per pound. Tallow is in better request, and is now held at 12 c. per pound. Tobacco is actively inquired for at very full rates. Domestic Whisky is dull and heavy at 28 c. per gallon. Other commodities are unaltered.

Comparative Statement of the Stocks of Various Articles here, about Feb. 1.

	1856.	1857.
Coffee, packages	68,299	106,357
Cotton, bales	37,250	90,000
Hemp, bales	21,291	17,167
Hemp, tons	—	50
Hides, number	47,819	29,948
Leather, Sole sides	43,000	19,300
Lead, tons	3,300	2,800
Molasses, hogsheads	120	1,968
Molasses, barrels	8,100	835
Pork, barrels	40,660	14,651
Beef, barrels and tierces	87,169	21,762
Rice, tierces	unknown.	5,885
Rice, bags	unknown.	2,700
Sugars, hogsheads	3,855	6,835
Sugars, boxes	—	18,171
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads	2,442	5,547
Tobacco, crude, bales	4,338	3,350
Tobacco, manufactured, packages	23,441	37,190

The Live Stock Market was brisker, and prices of desirable animals were, if anything, a shade higher. The supply was not very heavy. The week's receipts, according to the returns from the principal markets, were 3548 Beeves, 236 Milch Cows, 371 Veal Calves, and 9202 Sheep and Lambs, against 3977 Beeves, 194 Milch Cows, 246 Veal Calves, 7644 Sheep and Lambs, and 225 Swine the preceding week. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 8 c. for the poorest to 13 c. for premium cattle, per pound, the general average rate—as shown by the returns of sales—being 9¾ @ 10 c. per pound. Milch Cows with Calves at their sides were in rather better supply and demand at old rates. Veal Calves were in brisk request, and on the advance. The bulk of the week's sales were made at 6 @ 8 c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were abundant, and though pretty freely inquired for, they partially declined 25 and 50 c. per head. Swine opened with a short supply and lively demand at rising prices, but the return of mild weather brings larger quantities into market, while checking the consumption. Hence they leave off tamely at from 7¼ @ 7¾ c. for live, and 9¾ @ 10¼ for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is moderately supplied with the leading kinds of farm produce, but the general demand is not brisk, and the fluctuations noticeable in prices are not very important.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$5 00	@	$8 00
" Dried, State, per pound	9¼	@	10¼
" " Southern, per pound	8¼	@	9¼
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Potatoes, per barrel	$2 00	@	$4 00
Onions, Red, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 00
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$3 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 25	@	—
Beets, per barrel	$2 00	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel	62½	@	$2 25
Cabbages, per 100	$4 00	@	$8 00
Celery, per dozen	75	@	$1 12½
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 50	@	$6 75
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	22
" State, per pound	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	11	@	12
Lard, per pound	13¼	@	13¾
Roasting Pigs, each	$2 00	@	$4 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	25	@	—
Fowls, per pound	9	@	16
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	14	@	18
Turkeys, per pound	8	@	14
Geese, per pound	7½	@	10
Pigeons, tame, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 75
Partridges, per pair	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	37
Hares, per pair	50	@	60
Venison, carcass, per pound	8¼	@	9¼
" saddle, per pound	11	@	13
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	31